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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1916

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The Soldier as Mystic

ONE of the most noteworthy outgrowths of the new spirit in France, the spirit of splendid sacrifice engendered by the great war, is the preface, by Paul Bourget, to a story by Ernest Psichari, which is called *The Journey of the Centurion.* That Bourget writes with the highest literary beauty, that his spiritual analysis is both deep and true, goes without saying, but there is the genuine breath of new inspiration in certain of his appreciations of life, and notably of the life of the soldier, that could never have been reached but for the spiritual ordeal of the war. So valuable are Bourget's words, that we think it wise to quote them almost without omission. He begins his preface thus:

"This is a very beautiful book, and one which will double, among men of letters, the grief which was caused them fifteen months ago by the premature death of its author, Lieutenant Ernest Psichari, who fell heroically in Belgium at the time of the retreat from Charleroi. His first story, *The Call to Arms,* had produced, it will be remembered, a very vivid impression. Two reasons contributed to this. Ernest Psichari was the grandson of Ernest Renan, and the contrast of his thought with the thought of his great ancestor could not fail to cause wonder. But above all, it was the revelation of a talent already of the highest order, and of a singular freshness, in which the gift of keen expression, the sustained natural magic of the visionary artist, was associated with an incomparable subtlety of psychological analysis.

"*The Call to Arms* related to us the simple story of an officer, Nangès, who cured a young soldier of the worst anarchist and pacifist delusions by the sheer suggestion of his personality. Few events, a uniform—I

had almost said an 'earth to earth' narrative, and the portrait was complete, in such high relief that Nangès even now remains for me as living as if I had known him in the flesh. In that story, among other things, there was a conversation between comrades in garrison on the soldier's profession, equal in tone, and superior in reach, to Vigny's celebrated passage in the second chapter of *Servitude and Greatness* which begins: 'The army is a nation within a nation . . . ' Vigny adds: 'It is a vice of the times.' For Nangès, on the contrary, the avowed spokesman of the author, the most precious task of the soldier is, to constitute, within the nation, a type apart. He and he alone represents a principle of obedience, of sacrifice and of danger, as necessary to the general tone of society as the secretions of one or another gland could be to the general energy of the organism. . . .

"This study of the true character of the soldier formed the theme of *The Call to Arms.* It is also that of this posthumous story, to which its author has given the enigmatical title: *The Journey of the Centurion.* The title is explained by two verses from the Gospel according to St. Matthew: . . . the centurion answered and said: 'Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.' You are at once informed that this new essay in military psychology is also an essay in religious psychology. The author claims the right to associate the gospel and the sword in virtue of a text which proves that there can be, that there must be, a Christian doctrine of war. Christ who said to the rich man: 'Leave thy riches,' does not say to the centurion: 'Leave thy service.' In listening to his words of discipline without reproof, he makes them his own. Nay, he admires him who pronounces them: 'And when Jesus heard it, he marvelled. . . .' He adds: 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'

"It is, then, the soldier who believes, that Ernest Psichari is going to depict for us. He does not intend merely to paint a picture of manners, although this picture is there and its lines have a realism which does not shrink from brutality. Being himself a soldier, the author loves the humble details of service, but he loves even more the spiritual meaning, or, better, he does not separate them; and it is this special quality which we must understand, if we would enter fully into the spirit of this narrative.

"Already in *The Call to Arms,* there was talk of the *mysticism* of the soldier's profession. This expression is not peculiar to Psichari. In his latest contributions to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine,* Péguy employed it constantly, and *The Call to Arms* is dedicated to Péguy. This formula

reveals a feeling which seems to have been that of a whole chosen class of the youth of France before 1914 and the terrible war. Actual experience can only accentuate it. . . . When Psichari makes Nangès say that the army has its morale and its mysticism, he intends to affirm that our activity, to be complete, must have a hidden sense and imply a faith. In every human action he distinguishes two elements: a positive application exterior to the man, and a secret significance which is interior to the man. The soldier makes war. This is the exterior application. He develops in himself secretly, he brings to the highest tension, certain virtues. He nourishes, he enriches his soul through his profession. This is the interior work.

"The life of the soul thus becomes the deep and ultimate reason of the effort, even of the most technical act. The act of faith is there in that affirmation that the spiritual world is not only a reality, but that it is the reality *par excellence.* Outside himself, the best adapted energy of the most intelligent man does not differ from the work of the spider spinning his web . . . this mechanization of being, a Péguy, a Psichari, recognize quite as much in the curiosity of the man of science, in the libertinism of the voluptuary, as in the slavery of the bureaucrat or the toiler. It is against this that they appeal to the higher, spiritual powers which are at once the highest and the deepest of our being.

"Open *The Journey of the Centurion,* and note the light in which the author introduces to you his hero, Maxentius, an officer of sharp-shooters, who is leading a column of Meharists in Mauritania: '. . . his father—the colonel who was a man of letters, a Voltairean and worse—had been deceived. Maxentius had a soul, made in the image of God, able to discern truth from falsehood, good from evil. . . . Yet this upright man followed a devious way, a doubtful path, and nothing warned him of it except the rapid beating of his heart, his restlessness. . . .' You lay down the book, and, if you are one of those who were twenty years old thirty years ago, you remember how your generation thought and felt.

"It oscillated between extreme intellectualism and the pursuit of success. We were scientific, Monist, then Nihilist, or simply brutally ambitious, like Rastignac and Julien Sorel. What a distance covered in a quarter of a century, and of what reactions the thought of a race remains capable! How these renewals of sap disconcert the best supported inductions, the most completely justified prophecies! Let us be very careful about relegating to the powers of the past the ideas and feelings by which our fathers lived. Is their force exhausted? We can never tell. . . . It is one of these unexpected returns that *The Journey of the Centurion* relates to us, the bubbling up anew, in an intellect and a feeling, of a spring which had seemed dried up. *The Call to Arms* had declared to us the military vocation, and shown us in what psychological

mould, if one may so express it, this human type of so distinct a cast—the soldier—takes its shape. *The Journey of the Centurion* shows us the awakening of the believer in this soldier, shows us how the religion of duty leads this devotee of discipline to all disciplines. . . ."

So far Paul Bourget's wonderful preface. When we come to Ernest Psichari's story, we find it made of two different threads, not very closely plaited together. The first of these, the exterior element of the narrative, consists of very vivid, and often very beautiful, descriptions of the life of a young officer in command of native African troops, in the western-most part of France's great African domain, the fringe of the Sahara toward the sunset. It is the region immediately east and north of the African St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Senegal; a region, curiously enough, intimately associated with the two foremost soldiers of France today: General Gallieni, the Minister of War, and General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief. Both served in the Senegal region; both have written of their service there, General Joffre, very meagerly, as becomes his epithet of "taciturn"; General Gallieni, in a series of narratives of travel and adventure, of great literary excellence and charm.

Ernest Psichari's descriptions of the Great Desert and its life, or rather its wide-extended atmosphere of death, have a high and penetrating beauty, a vividness of vision, of touch, of odor even, that make us understand Bourget's ascription to him of "a talent already of a high order." But the outer incidents are not very closely knit with the inner reveries; the events do not produce or induce the moods; rather, they run parallel to them, symbolizing, rather than in any sense causing, the movements of heart and mind, which are the main theme of the book. These movements one might describe as the history of a conversion; the return of a worn and weary spirit to the simple faith, the simple piety, of childhood. In one sense, Psichari's book might be called a religious treatise, a sermon, leading back to the realization of the personal Christ. The desert is used as a background for the spiritual life and growth of Maxentius, and its stillness, its vastness, its fatal serenity, are set over against the fret and fever of modern Western life; the ambitions, the passions, the scepticisms, the disbeliefs, among which Maxentius had grown up, and which so grievously burdened his soul.

It would be immensely interesting to follow out at length the parallelism between the moods of the desert and the moods of the soul. But it would take too long. We can quote only a few sentences: "Then begins for Maxentius a true life of solitude and silence. There, within a square of thirty yards, having no longer the hum of departures and arrivals, he really learned what solitude is, buried in the very breast of silent nature. For the Rule of Africa is silence. As the monk, in the cloister, keeps silence,—so the desert, in its white cowl, keeps silent.

Immediately the young Frenchman conforms to the strict observance, he piously listens to the hours falling into the eternity which frames them, he dies to the world which has deceived him. During the crushing heat of day, while the natives were sleeping under their familiar sun, Maxentius generally remained under his fragile canvas shelter, and there, his knees drawn up to his chin, he simply waited; he awaited, not the evening, but something mysterious and great, he knew not what. Thus, in this dead land, where no human being had ever fixed his abode, he seemed to himself to surpass the ordinary bounds of life and to go forward, trembling with dizziness, to the verge of the highest heaven. . . ."

Very naturally, there are brought to his thought the contemplatives of the Moslem philosophic schools, sects somewhat like the Sufis, or the mystics of Arabia: "While Maxentius returned, preceded by the guide's floating robe, he thought: 'These large facilities of meditation which this spiritual land supplies to us, have been taken advantage of by the Moors, and they make admirable ornaments in this aridity. Why, transforming like forces to our own needs, and employing them for our own ends, should not we also try to grow rich, or rather to reconquer the riches we have lost? And once again he thought of those men of prayer, the old whitebeards whom he knew. They seek God and they are humble. Thus, in the same movement, they raise and abase themselves, and in measure as they raise themselves, in the same measure they abase themselves. See how prudent and cautious their advance is. It is because the way is full of serpents and unclean beasts. Therefore it is necessary to watch, to be on one's guard, to allow no distraction on this arid uphill road. . . ."

From vaguer philosophical reveries, Maxentius gradually draws closer to the mystical path of suffering and sorrow: "He knew also the terrors of the sleepless nights, when, turning and turning again on his mat, like a pancake on a stove, he uttered groans that did not even pass through the floating tent-wall which flapped in the night wind. For the wind was the real wall that separated him from his men who were there two paces away, rolled up in their camp cloaks, their heads on their knees. Thus, lost far from everything, on one of those circles that the geographer traces on the map, and no longer knowing even on what latitude he was, feeling all the derision of that African death in which he suffered, of that void from which grew only the lotus of sorrow, that void in which the soul is no longer stunned by the noise of the world and esteems itself at its true worth, crushed under the long patience of the night, he was close to great and salutary despair. . . ."

Again his dawning spiritual life comes into touch, into comparison, with that of the Moslem mystic: " 'What, in your view, is the true use of life?' he said one day to a young Moor, who had guided him among

the ruins of Ksar. 'To copy the Koran diligently and meditate on the teachings, for it is written, "The ink of the learned is precious, and even more precious than the blood of the martyrs."' 'Is this fever of divine intelligence admirable?' Maxentius asked himself. His companion's saying was revolting to him. He touched the weak point, felt the blunting of the point. Was not all his life based on sacrifice, whose supernatural virtue, he was ignorant of, indeed, and which yet lit up all his actions with the reflections of its mysterious brightness? No matter how wretched he saw himself to be, he still saw that he was better than those who had preferred the writer's goose-quill to the martyr's palm. For in his extremest wretchedness he still bore the germ of life, while the others, in their greatness, bore the germ of death. . . ."

Then comes a beautiful summary of the Soul of France: "He has been sent there by a people who know well what the blood of the martyrs is worth. He well knows what it is to die for an idea. He has behind him twenty thousand Crusaders—a whole nation of those who have died with drawn swords, with prayers fixed on their lips. He is the child of that blood. It is not in vain that he suffered the first hours of exile, nor that the sun has burned him, nor that solitude has wrapt him under her great veils of silence. He is the child of pain. . . . 'Thou art not the first,' says a voice which he did not recognize—it is the voice of the motherland which he has railed against—'thou art not the first that I send to this infidel land. I have sent others before thee. For this land is mine, and I have given it to my sons, that they may suffer there, that they may there learn suffering. Others have died before thee. And they did not ask these slaves to teach them how to live. Look, my son, how they bore themselves in this great undertaking, in this great French adventure, which was the adventure of the pilgrimage of the Cross. . . .' The Moors have taught him how pure and health-giving is the Christian air which is breathed in France, in that France which he had railed against at the moment when he was leaving it, perhaps for ever. They have made him catch a glimpse of the hidden France which he had failed to recognize, and they have brought the filial action of thanksgiving to his lips, instead of shameful denial. He is happy as a lost child who finds its mother again. . . ."

We come to the fundamental idea of the story, the parallel between Maxentius and the centurion of the Gospel, who gives a name to the book: "But this difficult undertaking is possible only for soldiers, and it is there, far from the workshops and warehouses of merchants, that they will recognize themselves and that, recognizing themselves they will hymn the immense joy of deliverance. Then, in the crucified immobility of the earth, there are the virtues that they love; they see once more, and they bless simplicity, sheer ruggedness. A magnificent recognition! Far from progress and illusory change Maxentius finds himself once

more a man of fidelity. He finds in himself nothing that is like revolt, but, closely tied to the great forces of the world, he loves rather these accustomed chains. He is in the gravitation of the moral system, and he submits to its law with no more trouble than the stars that follow the path traced out for them through the fields of heaven. Nothing seems beautiful to this true soldier, except fidelity. It alone is peace and consolation. It alone consoles him for that bitter draught, solitude. It alone is the highest. Fidelity is the sure protection. It is a thought full of sweetness offered to the traveller. It is the ineffable perfume, the perfume that the souls of soldiers breathe. Fidelity is like that wife who awaits her husband who has set out on a crusade: she never despairs, she never forgets. It never doubts the future nor the past. Fidelity is the little lamp with ever equal flame which the wife holds. . . ."

The same note is repeated, and repeated with a deeper meaning, a little later: "In the magnificent peace, charged with inner tumult, which wraps the elementary landscape, Maxentius, alone with himself, renews the memorable pact which binds him. He proclaims himself a soldier for eternity, and he promises that, in the common adventure in which all—dead or living—are taking part, he will be the bravest, the most ardent in the battle, the most unsparing of his body. With those whose spirits dwell here, and whose flesh has been consumed by the sun, he has one thought, one will. He solemnly repeats that he will be loyal and true, that he will abandon all, wealth, family, life even, for this task that has been entrusted to him, and to these shadows, fixed to this most secret fold of the earth, he at last shows his soul, all poor and naked, his soul which has already conquered the world. . . ."

But beneath this truth there is hidden a deeper truth: "In the midst of beauty, from the very breast of earthly felicity, is born a mortal disquiet. 'Without doubt,' says the restless soul, 'this duty, which guides my steps and orders my acts, is clearly traced. Yet it seems to me that my steps are hardly sure, and that my acts are acts in a dream. I am the fish which steers cleverly in the element of water, and which, nevertheless, will never know the sea, because it cannot view it from the shore. I should not falter, were I not haunted by the complete harmony, and did I not wish to dominate the element in which moves the body that I uphold. But I am a thinking as well as an acting being. The intelligence which wishes to know, arises, and the soldier's itinerary seems wretched. . . .'"

The story begins to take on a more definitely Catholic coloring, but it is the devout, mystical, profound Catholicism of France, with its marvellously rich spiritual consciousness: "Yes, through all the ages, the Church has bent over France, the Church has wept and rejoiced with her. Behold, then, how this people grows and appears among all faithful

peoples. These are the men of thy right hand, O Lord, this is the development of the noblest history that the ages have written. The fairest kingdom in the world,—and it is also the kingdom of fidelity. The most glorious power in the world,—and it is also a power of Christianity. The bravest and proudest of Thy sons, O Lord, but they are the sons of just observance and they are the children of Thy love. Maxentius knows this wonderful history well, every page of which, even the darkest, bears the marks of greatness. . . ."

Purely mystical is this: "Unhappy they who have not known silence! Silence is a fragment of heaven, which comes down among men. It comes from so far that we do not know it, it comes from the wide interstellar spaces, from the motionless regions of the chilly moon. It comes from beyond Space, from the further side of Time,—from before the worlds were, from the region where the worlds no longer are. How beautiful silence is! . . . It is a great African expanse, where the keen wind whirls. It is the Indian Ocean, by night, beneath the stars. . . . Maxentius knew well these wide spaces like the shoreless streams of Paradise. And that great descent, along the thread of Time, when silence first closes the lips, and then penetrates even to the division of the soul, to the inaccessible regions where God rests in us. And when he came forth from that resting-place, like the hermit leaving his hut to admire the work of creation, it was already to say: 'All confirms Thee, O Heavenly Father. Not an hour but is the proof of Thee, not an hour, however dark, in which Thou art not present, there is no experience, that is not an experience of Thee. Should I die of thirst in this desert, even then, I should say that this day is blessed, for I have seen Thee present in Thy justice as I have seen Thee present in Thy mercy, and I am no longer concerned with such appearances as are thirst and hunger and weariness, I am concerned with Thee, who art reality. Oh, my God, help me to walk in the way on which Thou Thyself hast set me, remembering the word of Thy Son, who said: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you. . . ."'"

Though several pages intervene, we can carry on the thread of thought with the following passage: "To whom, then, is Maxentius speaking, in his great loneliness? He is speaking to his Father, to his God, whom he knows not, and he himself does not cease to be the contestant, who has his place marked for him in the fight. He speaks to his Father, but he knows what his arm can do. His place is not among the men of peace, but, on the contrary, he has the daring and all the masculine virtue of youth. He is one who will force the gate of heaven, he is the violent man who will take eternity by violence. He is one to whom all is allowed. Has he not stood eye to eye with death? Are not all his evenings, evenings of battle? . . . But he speaks to his Father,

he knows that he has a Master, that this Master can do all things and that he himself can do nothing. Beautiful contradiction; This soul's effort is vain, unless there is submission, but what submission is that, which leaves no place for effort? Maxentius has a glimpse of the truth that the highest state of human consciousness is here, in this supreme accord of effort and submission, of liberty with servitude, and that this accord is reached nowhere save in Jesus Christ. . . . In Jesus Christ man desires to soar infinitely high, while knowing himself to be infinitely low. And this is true, because we are in liberty as well as in servitude. . . ."

Gradually the consciousness of Maxentius approaches the deepest mysteries: "At that hour Maxentius knew it: there is a hierarchy among souls. And first there are vile thoughts—for evil hearts. And then there are beautiful yet easy thoughts, there are poor miserable spiritual satisfactions for the hearts that are profoundly ignorant of evil, but which feed only on common virtues. But who are these who go forward, bearing their hearts before them like torches? They are the heroic souls, who hunger for virtue, who thirst for justice. They have kept themselves from coarser faults. But they hold that this is little. They long for that essential purity which is the entry into higher intelligence. For all is bound together in the inner system of man, and the profound light of that which is true will always be lacking to him who has not made his heart clear as crystal. And Maxentius himself, where is he? Alas, how far he feels himself from Wisdom! How far he feels himself from the heavenly guides of the single knowledge! How dry and desolate he finds the path of his exile and his suffering!"

The culmination of the spiritual renewal is expressed, perhaps, in these words: "Ah! yes, I have compassion on those who are abandoned, and who are sorrowful. . . . But we, what have we done, we, the blessed of the Father, we, the children of election? And what shall we answer when the Judge shall say to us: 'I had given to you the fairest of lands and ye have been my chosen ones. I had given you my well-beloved France and had made you heirs of my word. It was of you that I was thinking in the sweat of Gethsemane and it is you whom I called the first. There is nothing that I have not done for you, because there were none that I desired more than you. And it is you that I had chosen from amongst many. . . .' Alas! what have we done? What madness has taken possession of us? What leprosy has come to consume us? It is true, Lord, we have not been faithful to the promise, we did not watch with You, when You entered into the agony. But look: we are groaning in shame and contrition, and we come to You such as we are, full of tears and smirches. We have lost all, we have nothing, but all that remains, O my God, we give to you; all that remains, that is to say our broken and humiliated hearts. You are stronger than

we, Lord, we surrender. We humbly pray to You as our fathers prayed to you. We in our great wretchedness beg you for your grace, because we cannot lay hold of You, save through You alone . . ."

And then the conclusion: "How lovely is the first prayer! How blessed and precious it is to the Lord! With what joy the angels of heaven hear it! Come, poor man, lift yourself up again! Jesus is not far from you, He will come and will not tarry! Already thou viewest with tranquillity the land of reconciliation, and the evening of thy consolation. Take thy way once more. Hope in the fullness of thy heart, and in the strength of thy new life-span—and the rest shall be given to thee in addition. . . . What! Lord, is it then so simple a thing, to love you?"

Here our quotations from this memorable book must cease. Suffice it that Maxentius found the way he sought, and found the Master on that way. Bourget tells us that the author left two versions of his work: one, from which we have quoted, in which he tells his story objectively, as concerning the soldier Maxentius; another, in which he relates the same experiences in the first person, as frankly of himself. There may be artistic reasons for preferring, as Bourget evidently does, the former; but, as a spiritual document, as an actual testimony concerning spiritual life, we should greatly desire the latter, the simple testimony at first hand.

Ernest Psichari, as we are told, fell fighting for the land he loved, for the cause he loved, in the retreat after Charleroi. How many ardent, devoted aspiring souls are there, burning with the same mystical light, in that long line of heroes, everyone of whom is dedicated, consecrated, having made the supreme sacrifice?

Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to His will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God; seek Him alone, and you will find peace.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

FRAGMENTS

LONG, long ago, I read this ancient script of initiation, written on stone panels in the Hall of Learning. Even there it is only a fragment; later experience completes it: for in that Temple of Life we cannot read what we do not understand.

I read it there one beautiful day of spring, a day of opening blossoms and fresh-throated bird songs, when Nature promised life and happiness, and all one's youth reached eager and expectant hands to snatch the realization of that promise to its heart. Instead, there fell the sudden shadow of the Cross, and from its darkness the wailing cry of desolation. And yet the promise was there, in flower and bird and golden light; and the outstretched hands were not left empty, for the Cross was placed in them,—the means of realization offered instantly in answer to the longing of the soul.

Children, we cry for tinsel; but God will not mock us with tinsel: he gives pure gold. Slowly experience teaches us, slowly we learn trust. We ask for stones, God gives us bread; we ask for life, God gives us immortality; we ask for love, God gives us Paradise; we ask for knowledge, and God gives himself!

To whom is Easter more than a radiant vision who has not ascended Calvary?

The fragment runs:

"Give heed, O Lanoo, to these words, write them upon thy mind in gold, write them upon thy heart in flame.

"Ponder them deeply, that their stars may rise upon the darkness of thy comprehension, stars to sing together till the flush of dawn.

"Beaten with the thongs and stripes of life, wounded, bleeding, carrying a heavy cross toward Calvary: so lives the disciple in this world of sin and suffering unspeakable.

"Yet from the fiery furnace of his pain, the soul emerges pure and spotless; and though defenceless, clothed in the armour of a holy power.

"Rest thy heart, therefore, and endure, yea to the very end. For reckon wisely, do not be deceived: it is crucifixion that awaits thy soul."

CAVÉ.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XVII

Dear Friend:

AFTER I had read your letter last night I took down from its shelf above my table one of those small volumes, stored with spiritual wisdom and the fruit of profound insight into our common nature, that I have tried for so long to persuade you to consult for yourself. I know of no better way to answer your need—if not your actual words—than to quote the opening paragraph to which I turned.

"The spiritual life is made up of contradictions. This is only another way of saying that human nature is fallen. One of the greatest contradictions, and practically one of the most difficult to be managed, is that in spirituality it is very important we should know a great deal about ourselves, and at the same time equally important that we should think very little about ourselves; and it is not easy to reconcile these things. I mention this difficulty at the outset, inasmuch as we shall have in the course of this treatise to look very much into ourselves and consequently we run the risk at the same time of thinking very much of ourselves; and this last might do us more harm than the first would do us good."

This is the difficulty into which you have fallen. In endeavouring to know yourself you have come to think altogether too much about yourself; so that self is shutting you in more and more, and your horizons have become so narrowed that you lack all true perspective.

You yourself feel this—and suffer from it. But I do not think you understand either its cause or its cure. You have been discouraged when you were told not to think so much about yourself. It has seemed to you that you were being advised to abandon your efforts at self-conquest, and to turn back from the path along which your fellows were advancing. You have brooded on your sense of failure, and this brooding, envious discontent, and constant introspection, have inevitably strengthened your morbid self-centeredness.

Now the cause of all this, however difficult it may be to correct, is very easily stated. It is lack of humility. We have been told that humility is the virtue without which all other virtues are spurious. It is also that quality without which all introspection becomes positively injurious, all true self-knowledge definitely impossible. These definitions may sound like the Irish lad's definition of salt: "The thing that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any in." But in reality they go much further than that. Salt is not the basis of our food but only of its savour. Humility is the very substance of all spiritual nutriment, and the sole

power by which that nutriment may be assimilated, or by which vision and knowledge may be turned into wisdom.

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." These are laws of the spiritual life. We can never find the truth till we are humble: till we seek it for its own sake with a love for it that is greater than love of self; till our joy in it is greater than any sorrow for self. But because they are laws of spiritual life, and because man's will is a spiritual force, we have a certain measure of power to contravene them: to lay hold upon some portion of truth and draw it to ourselves even through the tortuous channels which our self love and vanity still leave partly open; to see dimly through the tears of self-pity; and to hear, even while crying out against what we hear. I am not now concerned to point out how misleading such partial truths must inevitably be, giving the ring of truth to the delusions of self which cling to them. What I want to make clear is that, to the extent to which you lack humility, not only these delusions but the truth itself becomes definitely injurious to you. It is as though you took into your body a foreign substance that you had no power to assimilate: for truth is assimilable only by humility.

If humility were a thing we could not cultivate, it would be of small service to tell you that the cause of all your suffering is its lack. But we can cultivate it, in a thousand different ways, and many of these ways are paths of unending delight. We have only to look out and not in: to turn our eyes and hearts away from self. So Marcus Aurelius bids us: "Look round at the courses of the stars, as if thou wert going along with them; and constantly consider the changes of the elements into one another, for such thoughts purge away the filth of the terrene life." Here is this great, wonderful, glorious universe all about you—full of all manner of marvels, "of cabbages and kings," and infinite beauty, ever new, ever young and immortal, calling to your heart to come forth from self and be at one with it. Here are nobility and self-sacrifice and courage. Here are men and women and children, and the communion of the saints and angels. Here are birth and death and love—and the sun of day and the stars of night. Here is the drama of the soul. Here is the Master. Why should you shut yourself in self; look only to self; love self alone; when all, all is open to you?

Is this turning away from the Path? Surely not. We are bidden to "live in the Eternal," and are told that the giant weed of self cannot flourish there, but is killed by the very atmosphere of eternal thought. That is the Path: not your morbid brooding on the weakness and faults that so hurt your vanity.

Try, for one moment, to put that vanity so far away from you that you can see it and your own need. You have sought to know yourself. However limited this knowledge, it has, at least, revealed self-centeredness. You have rebelled against this revelation. Stung and mortified by it, you have been unwilling to accept it; but have probed and probed

again, and turned it over and around, hoping to find something more to your liking, less humiliating to your self-esteem—and so your very unwillingness to accept it, has fastened it more strongly upon you. This must be clear to you, surely; and it must be equally clear that the way to cure self-centeredness is to interest yourself in that which is outside of self, greater than self. Accept and forget yourself. Make your thought, your interest, your affections expand. Throw yourself into your work, rouse your sympathies, live in the lives of those about you, seek in them and in all things the beauty, the element of the Eternal, that they contain, and strive to love that beauty. Here is the beginning of the Path—the beginning of humility—in loving something more than we love self. Thus you will "grow as the flower grows, unconscious but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

XVIII.

DEAR FRIEND:

Tell me something. If I were to answer your appeal as you beg of me; if my answer were to cost me my life; and I, knowing this, still granted what you asked, and laid down my life that you might know the way to rise from your present misery to immortal gladness; would you believe I loved you? Would you sometimes think of me? Would you read what I had written at that cost? Would it seem to you that, having asked it of me, there was an obligation on your part at least to attempt the way I pointed out? Or would you leave my letter unread, the way untried, my memory forgotten?

You call yourself a Christian. Let me speak to you, therefore, in your own terms. Christ gave his life to answer the question you ask now of me—as, long ago, you and the world asked it of him in prayer. What are you doing with His answer, and with Him?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

XIX

DEAR FRIEND:

I am delighted that my hope is realized and that you are as glad to receive and give house-room to the old "grandfather's" clock, as I am to have been able to send it you. And now I am going to tell you its story and why I wanted you to have it.

I found it this summer in the kitchen of a farm house. It was not an old house, nor had it any of that simple dignity that farm houses so often have. On the contrary it was quite new and pretentious, and very ornate. Its owners had clearly prospered and had torn down and built again. The parlour furniture was gilt, the upholstery gaudy plush. There was a "cozy corner" with imitation Turkish hangings and rugs. I could not understand it at all, until later I saw the town, some miles away, where the farmer's daughter had attended school and from which she had drawn her standard and fashion. Then I did understand. The daughter had social ambition. Her home was to reflect her "culture."

The clock, I learned, had been one of her chief crosses. It was shabby and old and upright and would go with nothing. She had tried gilding its case and painting wreathes of roses over the gilt. But the gilt turned black and "the roses did not look right anyhow." So it was banished, gilt and roses and all, to the kitchen. But the kitchen was small—as kitchens in pretentious dwellings usually are—and the clock took up too much room. She was quite willing to let me have it. As you know, I scraped the roses and gilt away, and the old mahogany came out under polish as now you see it.

It is a very common story. Every collector will be able to do more than match it from his own experience. But it is precisely because it is not only so common but so universal that I hope you will remember it. For, one and all of us, in some way or another, to some degree or another, are like that farmer's daughter, and treat ourselves as she treated that clock. That which we are—in simple, honest fact—is always better than what we would pretend to be. Even our patent faults and sins are of greater worth than the imitation virtues in which we seek to cloak them, to ourselves and to others. There are dents in that old clock case. There is no denying that, yet they are not the disfigurement that the gilt and rose wreaths were. We are not to try to make ourselves into something other than ourselves. We are to cleanse and polish that which we are.

See what comes to you from daring to remain friends with one who loves you! It is a perilous venture—if we would cling to our pretences—to have anything to do with those who love us for what we really are. It is never this for which we love ourselves: and so self-love can never understand real love and must forever quarrel with it. It is a testimony to your genuine humility that you still bear with me. Yet also, Friend, you have your vanities.

Some day I want you to write me a whole ponderous volume—in your very best, powdery, philosophic style—on Honesty as the sole requisite for human salvation. I am convinced that every evil—every sin—contains within itself the germ of its ultimate cure: that life, real life, must, through whatever tragic way of pain and loss, forever lead us upward and bring us, in time, to all of which we have need. But if we cut ourselves off from life and reality, and choose instead to live in a world

of pretence and deception, I do not see that there is, in such a world of our fancy, any curative or corrective principle whatsoever. Our sole hope there lies in the fact that our separation from reality can never be wholly complete, and that some hard fact that cannot be excluded—some great fact like death—will jar us from our lying dreams, and bring us back to what we are.

All this you could make clear; and you could show, too, what sometimes seems to me dishonesty's most tragic loss. What tempts us to pretence? Leave aside the fact that we are blind to our real worth—that we have no power to look beneath the stained and battered surface of our lives to the timber of which they are made. Leave aside the fact I have tried to make clear, that all imitation is cheap and shoddy and despicable compared to what is genuine and real. Let us assume that it were indeed possible—as we so often delude ourselves into believing—that what we can pretend to be could be better, more admirable and more lovable than what we are. What tempts us to pretend? Two things—and each defeats itself—first, desire for human esteem and love; and, second, the fear to lose these and to incur censure in their place. But he whose life is a pretence,—each one of us to the extent that his life is a pretence and that he is dishonest—puts himself beyond the reach of the very esteem and love he craves. He puts a mask before his face; he builds up and hides behind a false appearance of himself that is not himself. It is this false appearance he labours to have esteemed and loved; and if it be, then is he indeed desperate. For the love is given to a thing not himself—and being given to that thing does not and cannot reach him. He remains unreached behind it—starved, while it is fattened—isolated, lonely, miserable, in the midst of every appearance of his heart's desire. And with him always is the fear of loss—of losing even the appearance of the reality he never has, and never can have till he tear down all he has so carefully erected. He who would find his life must lose it. It is not easy to lose what one desires above all else. It is not made easier by the knowledge that what we lose we have never had. And so there are few more tragic needs than this, which ultimately all pretence entails, of destroying that which has drawn to itself—through our own folly—all that we ourselves have sought to win.

I am glad with all my heart that in our friendship no such need exists. It is a very transparent paint you have laid over your fine mahogany—and I think all must see to the beauty of its grain, as they cannot miss the dignity of its simple lines. But, Friend, why even transparent paint?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

WILLIAM LAW

Mystical Theologian and Evangelist

WILLIAM LAW is practically unknown to the modern world except as the author of a single devotional book, *The Serious Call*. By his contemporaries he was spoken of as "the mystic." The dozen or more writers who, since his death, have made Law the subject of a volume or treatise likewise refer to him as "the English mystic." A weight of humiliation is attached to that definite article, "the," with its function of narrowing and limiting. We are loath to admit the fact; Law is, nevertheless, almost solitary in the English Church since the Reformation. Other Anglican divines have won controversial renown by their efforts either against Rome or against many headed Dissent. Law alone turned from the narrow and barren sphere of religious politics to the breadth and depths of metaphysics. Pusey and some other Anglican divines are mystically inclined. But they are not mystics. They touch the mere edge of the fringe. Law realised with vividness a spiritual universe that casts earthly life as its shadow. Thanks to his metaphysical acumen he was able to set forth his knowledge lucidly and cogently.

He is an odd figure in his era—odd in many respects. His eccentricity and his piety match him with contemporaries, Johnson and Wesley. His spiritual sense sets him apart. In a generation of "ponderous well-fed masses of animated beef-steak" he is an ascetic. Among rational philosophers, moralists and politicians, such as Locke, Addison and Walpole, he exercised spiritual faculties. His contemporaries, on the whole, saw life through the flattening lens of the mind. Law's view was fourth dimensional. The premises and conclusions of his contemporaries led up to the hideous democracy of 1789 and the Terror. Law's model of perfect government was the angelic hierarchy of the eternal Kingdom. One considers his environment and wonders how he emerged from its flat immorality.

Law was born in 1686—the son of a tradesman in a provincial village. As he approached manhood the House of Hanover took possession of the English crown. Law was not an intriguer nor politician. He had no Catholic sympathies. He had no personal attachment to the Stuarts. But his conscience saw in the exiled family his true sovereign. He would not violate his conscience though obedience to its voice meant the apparent end of worldly success. He was living in Cambridge, the placid life of a don. He had entered the university as a charity student, had taken his degree, been ordained, and made Fellow. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to George I, and, in consequence, left Cambridge.

For fourteen years after that protest, Law's personal history is obscure. He published three books, opposing, in turn, certain ecclesiastical, ethical and moral errors. He published also his first devotional book—*Christian Perfection.* In 1727 he became chaplain in a Tory family of some prominence—the Gibbon family. From that date till Law's death, 1761, the facts of his life are clearly recorded. He went back to Cambridge—to his own college, Emmanuel—in a private capacity, as tutor to his patron's son. That son was afterward the father of Edward Gibbon. There was no common interest between tutor and ward, and, when young Gibbon went on the Continent for the *grand tour,* Law returned to his patron's home as chaplain and friend. While at Cambridge, Law had published a second devotional book, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.* The book attracted much attention among a certain class, and some of its readers began to seek out the author in his retirement. As in all cases where men or women are drawn by the power of a leader, some of Law's admirers were wise, and some very foolish. Unfortunately the admiring comment of the foolish sometimes makes the leader himself seem foolish. The best known of those who came to the Gibbon home seeking interviews with Law were the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley. Their period of intercourse was brief. The real work of the Wesleys had not begun. John was not yet converted. The High-Churchmanship and the sincerity of both men—Law and Wesley—brought them into brief contact. In his later life as evangelist, Wesley used Law's *Serious Call* as a fifth Gospel. But the Wesleys had no sympathy with the second phase of Law's development, the period of mysticism.

1733 was the critical year and turning point in his life. Among those who came to converse with him, attracted by his religious nature, was a London physician, Dr. George Cheyne, a man of sufficient local celebrity to be made *dramatis persona* by Thackeray in *Henry Esmond.* Dr. Cheyne had a taste for metaphysics as well as for medicine. He introduced to Law the works of Jacob Bœhme. Law was forty-seven years old. His life to this point seems narrow; his religion also, though genuine, is thin, with a tinge of the "evangelical." But it was unmistakably sincere. He had conscientiously lived up to his faintest glimmer of light; he was now to be flooded. He had striven faithfully "to do the will"; he was now to learn the "doctrine." His after life bears remarkable testimony to the results that follow right effort. In his forty-eighth year, Law began to study German in order that he might read Bœhme's philosophical interpretation of religion. From an evangelical High Churchman Law became a mystic. The metaphysical basis of Christianity finds expression in all of Law's subsequent writing. His ripest exposition of the old Wisdom is made in three books, *The Spirit of Prayer* (1749), *The Way to Divine Knowledge* (1752), and *The Spirit of Love* (1754).

Law's patron died in 1737. Mr. Gibbon's death made changes. For three years longer Law resided intermittently with the family. In 1740

he went back to his native village, King's Cliffe (Northampton). His father had died leaving him a tiny house and garden. Law may have received a legacy from Mr. Gibbon. His life was ascetic. His very small means were not only ample for his own needs; they enabled him to do charitable work for destitute children of the village. In 1743, Mr. Hutcheson, a friend, died and commended Mrs. Hutcheson to Law's spiritual care. Miss Hester Gibbon, daughter of the elder Gibbon (a woman of fifty and over) also desired Law's pastoral direction. The two ladies had ample incomes. They decided to take a house at King's Cliffe, to assist Law in his charitable labor, and to profit by his teaching. The united income was three thousand pounds. It is said three hundred pounds covered the personal expenses of Law and his two friends. The rest was used for a children's school and for cottage homes for religious women who were very poor. Law's impulses are said to have been not always wise nor his charity discriminating. There is extant a letter from the village Rector and certain of his flock, protesting that Law's free giving had drawn all the vagabonds of the country to King's Cliffe. The letter may represent an actual condition, or (from an 18th century rector) it may indicate only envy and ill-will. Law published an edition of Bœhme's writings. (*The Way to Divine Knowledge* is really a prefatory essay of introduction to the edition). He died at King's Cliffe in 1761 without any mental decay or moral obscuration.

It is easy to point out the defects of the 18th century. Its errors culminated in a horrid Feast of Reason. But the golden mean of that deplorable extreme was a horror of the extravagant, a love of good sense, order and moderation. The adventure and romance of an earlier age had decayed into bombast. Men were surfeited with the extraordinary. They aimed at a new standard of unquestionable sanity, sobriety and urbanity. It was an age of prose. The polished verse of the period lent its exquisite form to satire not to aspiration. The triumph of a German Elector over a Stuart prince is another illustration of men's preference for a certain solid commonplaceness to high-flying instability.

Though he is aloof from his contemporaries Law shines with some of the admirable characteristics of that century. His reply to a letter from Wesley in 1738 is marked by the quality of moderation that was so highly prized. Wesley had returned from his futile High Church missionary tour among the crude settlers of Georgia. He had talked with his Moravian friend, and had experienced the inner change of conversion. It was not singular of Wesley eagerly to desire to share that experience with a host of others. Many have been guilty of indiscreet zeal when new light opens up truth. Perhaps it was more than indiscretion that led Wesley to impeach his elder's religious sincerity. Wesley wrote to Law, and, after describing his long unhappiness he continued: "a holy man to whom God has lately directed me answered my complaint at once by saying, 'Believe, and thou shalt be saved.' Now, Sir, suffer me to ask, how will you justify it to our common Lord that you never gave

me this advice? Why did I scarcely ever hear you name the name of Christ?—never so as to ground anything upon faith in His blood? Consider deeply and impartially whether the true cause of your never pressing this upon me was this, that you had it not yourself." Law's reply to Wesley's charge shows his force—force clothed in urbanity. He wrote: "As you have written the letter in obedience to a Divine call, I assure you that, considering your letter in that view, I neither desire nor dare to make the smallest defence of myself." He mentioned Wesley's long study of *The Imitation of Christ,* and suggested that Wesley let him share with à Kempis the failure of not directing Wesley to Christ. He rebuked the indiscreet impulse of Wesley: "let me advise you not to be hasty in believing that because you change your language and expressions, you have changed your faith. The head can as easily amuse itself with a living and justifying faith in the blood of Jesus as with any other notion; and the heart, which you suppose to be a place of security, as being the seat of self-love, is more deceitful than the head." That correspondence ended the relation of the two men; it had always been superficial. Wesley called Law's mature writing unintelligible jargon, and said Law's teacher, Bœhme, was not a theosopher but a demonosopher.

Law conforms also to the admirable literary fashions of his century. His garb is the true prose style of the "Spectator"—a style so different from the lyrical, poetic prose to which a later century has accustomed us. The 18th century prose is unornamented; it is refined and polished so that no quality juts out conspicuous or salient. It is polite, well-bred, urbane, without stress and strain and undue urgency, very quiet, full of repose, with much reservation behind its easy restraint—it is indefinably natural; it suggests face to face conversation but is not marred by the vulgarity of the colloquial. Quite in the manner of the "Spectator" Law paints portraits; the faces are individual, yet a whole type is often represented by that single figure. The interpretative faculty that made such portraits possible is Law's sympathy—and humour. "Mundanus is a man of excellent parts, and clear apprehension. He is well advanced in age, and has made a great figure in business. Every part of trade and business that has fallen in his way has had some improvement from him; and he is always contriving to carry every method of doing anything well to its greatest height. Mundanus aims at the greatest perfection in everything. The soundness and strength of his mind, and his just way of thinking upon things, makes him intent upon removing all imperfections.

"He can tell you all the defects and errors in all the common methods, whether of trade, building, or improving land or manufactures. The clearness and strength of his understanding, which he is constantly improving by continual exercise in these matters, by often digesting his thoughts in writing, and trying everything every way, has rendered him a great master of most concerns in human life.

"Thus has Mundanus gone on, increasing his knowledge and judgment, as fast as his years came upon him.

"The one only thing which has not fallen under his improvement, nor received any benefit from his judicious mind, is his devotion: this is just in the same poor state it was, when he was only six years of age, and the old man prays now in that little form of words which his mother used to hear him repeat night and morning." One ought not to leave Law's humorous men and women without a second example of his quiet, penetrating observation. "When Ouranius first entered into holy orders, he had a haughtiness in his temper, a great contempt and disregard for all foolish and unreasonable people; but he has prayed away this spirit.

"The rudeness, ill-nature, or perverse behaviour of any of his flock, used at first to betray him into impatience; but it now raises no other passion in him, than a desire of being upon his knees in prayer to God for them. Thus have his prayers for others altered and amended the state of his own heart.

"It would strangely delight you to see with what spirit he converses, with what tenderness he reproves, with what affection he exhorts, and with what vigour he preaches; and it is all owing to this, because he reproves, exhorts, and preaches to those for whom he first prays to God.

"This devotion softens his heart, enlightens his mind, sweetens his temper.

"At his first coming to his little village, it was as disagreeable to him as a prison, and every day seemed too tedious to be endured in so retired a place. He thought his parish was too full of poor and mean people, that were none of them fit for the conversation of a gentleman.

"This put him upon a close application to his studies. He kept much at home, writ notes upon Homer and Plautus, and sometimes thought it hard to be called to pray by any poor body, when he was just in the midst of one of Homer's battles.

"This was his polite, or I may rather say, poor, ignorant turn of mind, before devotion had got the government of his heart.

"But now his days are so far from being tedious, or his parish too great a retirement, that he now only wants more time to do that variety of good, which his soul thirsts after."

It is noticeable of men and women whose hearts are centers of spiritual force that while they accomplish their life-work through an organization that is in some degree sectarian and narrow, they themselves and their doctrines stand above sectarianism on a height of true catholicity. This is true of George Fox, of Loyola, of Emerson, of St. Paul—pre-eminently of Christ. That Master incarnated as a Jew and worked through the narrow Judaic beliefs. The sectarian limits did not cramp His true nature—a World Saviour. Law is another example of that general truth. He never felt any need (or desire) to change his outward condition—a priest of the Anglican Church. He worked hard to train the children of his charity school according to the doctrine of that

Church.* Yet what fellowship he exhibits not only with other Christian sects, but also with nameless religious souls of pagandom. He looked with perplexity upon the sterile garden of his Anglican faith—*hortus siccus,* and then upon the laughing flowers nodding over the Roman wall.† Weaker men have leaped over the wall into the Roman enclosure. Law did not uproot his plant of life.

Law felt that he owed an immense debt of gratitude to Bœhme. He translated his works, he interpreted Scripture with reference to Bœhme. He usually mentions Bœhme as "the blessed Jacob." That manner of reference is ridiculous. It drew ridicule from Law's contemporaries, and prejudiced them. Yet Law's relation to Bœhme is in no other respect extravagant or servile. He never suggests Boswell or Eckermann or Christian Scientists or some Theosophists. He was by no means a man of one book. Bœhme was a key that opened for Law passage into a spacious hall. Law never forgot the gratitude due. But he entered the hall. He knew Bœhme's writings by heart, perhaps. But he knew also many, many other mystical writers, from Dionysius to Fénelon. His estimate of Bœhme is marked by that 18th century virtue of moderation. He admired Bœhme greatly. He admired him as an inspired man of religious genius but not as a demi-god.‡

Law owes to Bœhme an understanding of the metaphysical foundations that underlie practical Christianity. There is nothing metaphysical in the *Serious Call,* Law's early work. It is sincerely, practically, rigorously moral. The metaphysics of morality came afterward. Law splendidly illustrates an oft quoted truth: for forty-three years he was

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* His accurate knowledge of human nature, gained from long actual contact with people is shown by certain provisions made for the school. He directed that sixpence be given to each boy or girl for learning Morning Prayer, a shilling for the Catechism, and a shilling for a New Testament chapter. How different is his practical wisdom from the foolishness of theorists who expect all children, little or grown-up, to act from the stoical motives of a Marcus Aurelius.

† "O my God, how shall I unlock this mystery of things? in the land of darkness, overrun with superstition, where Divine Worship seems to be all show and ceremony, there both among priests and people Thou hast those who are fired with the pure love of Thee, who renounce everything for Thee, who are devoted wholly and solely to Thee, who think of nothing, write of nothing, desire nothing but the Honour, and Praise, and Adoration that is due to Thee, and who call all the world to the maxims of the Gospel, the Holiness and Perfection of the Life of Christ. But in the regions where Light is sprung up, whence Superstition is fled, where all that is outward in Religion seems to be pruned, dressed and put in its true order, there a cleansed shell, a whited sepulchre, seems too generally to cover a dead Christianity."

‡ "He has no right to be placed among the inspired Pen-men of the New Testament; he was no messenger from God of anything new in Religion; but the mystery of all that was old and true both in Religion and Nature was *opened* in him. This is the particularity of his character, by which he stands fully distinguished from all Prophets, Apostles, and extraordinary Messengers of God. They were sent with occasional Messages, or to make such alterations in the economy of Religion as pleased God; but this man came on no particular Errand, he had nothing to alter, or add, either in the Form or Doctrine of Religion; he had no new Truths of Religion to propose to the World, but all that lay in Religion and Nature, as a Mystery unsearchable, was in its deepest Ground opened in this Instrument of God. And all his Works are nothing else but a deep manifestation of the Grounds and Reasons of that which is done, that which is doing, and is to be done, both in the kingdom of Nature and the kingdom of Grace, from the Beginning to the End of Time. His Works, therefore, though immediately from God, have not at all the Nature of the Holy Scriptures; they are not offered to the World, as necessary to be received, or as a Rule of Faith and Manners, and therefore no one has any Right to complain, either of the Depths of his Matter, or the Peculiarity of his Stile. They are just as they should be, for those that are fit for them; and he that likes them not, or finds himself unqualified for them, has no obligation to read them."

unremitting in his efforts "to do the will"; strict attention to moral dictates brought him in mid-life knowledge of the doctrine.

Perhaps the most striking point in Law's later teaching is this: Christianity is a fact in Nature, is spiritual biology. Law had written of new birth, death to self, etc., as many other divines have written—more sincerely, surely, and as things to be seriously faced rather than evaded. In his later writing, Law made no *volte face*. He saw that he had been speaking more truly than he knew—that "new birth," "death," etc., instead of being similes borrowed from incidents of the physiological husk are actual facts of the soul, and that the physical events so named are the clumsy similes. The words, "new birth," and others like them must be taken, he insists, in a strictly literal sense.* New birth does not mean a formal outer thing like joining a Church or society. It means a spiritual, biological change through which an individual enters into the real world and begins his life. Until that event happens the individual has no existence. He is outside the cosmos of reality; he is a phantom in the penumbra of material darkness, a rotting corpse dead in trespasses and sin.

The adjective "new" does not in this phrase signify a birth that is recent as compared with the individual's physical birth. For to the physiology which is concerned with the states and conditions of the soul, a thing so temporary and feeble and gross as the human body is of inferior importance. "New" or "second" birth does not then express a metaphorical condition posterior to physical birth. It denotes attainment for a second time of spiritual consciousness—a sharing in that Life which was the soul's at its first birth. Born of God, the creature, man, lived in God's life, vitalised by His blood. Man lost his place in reality and "fell" into unreality, the shadow of death. When man passes from the shadow of death, and becomes a second time free, alive, and real, he has had his *second* birth into reality.

If this idea appears at all fantastic the fault is in the presentation. Law's thought and expression are as clear as Addison's upon mundane matters. Law reminds his readers of the Scriptural words that Adam died in the day of his sin. Quite clearly Adam's body did not die on that day. Real death, therefore, refers to the soul. So also does real birth.

Man's first birth into Divine Life was the work of Creation. His second birth into that Life is the work of Redemption. The "Fall" was a change of man's polarity. He dissevered his will from God's will and placed it in opposition. Man's will, wrenched from its function of coöper-

* "How pitiable therefore, or rather how hurtful is that *Learning*, which uses all its Art of Words, to avoid and lose the true Sense of our Saviour's Doctrine concerning the new Birth, which is necessary to fallen Man, by holding, that the Passages asserting the new Birth, are only a *figurative*, strong Form of Words concerning *something*, that is not *really* a Birth, or Growth of a new Nature, but may, according to the best Rules of *Criticism*, signify, either our *Entrance* into the Society of Christians, by the Rite of Baptism, or such a new Relation, as a Scholar may have with his Master, who by a Conformity to Terms of Union, or by copying his Ways and Manners, may, by a *Figure of Speech*, be said to be born again of him."

ation and made hostile by self-reference, exercised its divine function in new and morbid conditions.* It brought forth the world and its synonymous materiality of darkness. It blindly wove around the real life of man (the soul) a dense veil of shadows that gradually smothered the fire of life. Under all that quenching rotteness a spark of fire remains, a seed of life. The work of Redemption is to fan that spark to a blaze, to develop the germ into an organism until at last Christ is born again in man as truly as He was born from the Virgin's womb.

Through the work of Redemption the broken union of God and Man is restored. "Union" is a state much written about. Ancient and modern mystics have been doubtless quite clear in their own minds about their experiences. But their language sometimes fails to express their meaning clearly, and we have accounts that are ecstatic, but vague and confused. Law is more fortunate than some other mystics. He leaves one in no confusion. "Union" in his books does not mean a blurred state in which creature is merged with Creator. Union means more than one. It means coöperation of two independent wills. Union is altogether different from Unity. The three persons of the Trinity live in Unity. God and His creature, man, may live in Union.

Law's illuminating interpretation of Christianity as a fact in Nature does away with the Calvinistic theories of a capricious and arbitrary God whose inveterate characteristic is wrath. The Christian process of birth, death, and rebirth is a natural one. It is governed by certain laws. There is nothing capricious or tyrannical in it. No arbitrary trial, Law wrote, is ever imposed on any human being. "The natural state of every intelligent creature is its *one only* trial." Law shows unmistakably the only meaning that "punishment" and "wrath" can have when used of the Deity. Man's punishment (in Adam's sin) was a punishment brought upon him; it was not something arbitrarily inflicted by God—it was nothing more (nor less) than the inevitable consequence of his own act. It was Karma. "Adam had no more hurt done to him at his fall than the very nature of his own action brought along with it upon himself." The "wrath" of God originates from man not from Deity. It is a cloud obscuring the Divine Nature; it is an exhalation from man's will morbidly turned upon itself and fermenting. "When sin is extinguished in the creature, all the wrath that is between God and the creature is fully atoned. Search all the Bible, from one end to the other, and you will find that the atonement of that which is called the Divine wrath, or justice, and the extinguishing of sin in the creature, are only different expressions for one and the same individual thing."

Because Law made religion a process of inner development, a history

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* "The seed of everything that can grow in us is our will. The will maketh the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything; it is the only workman in nature; and everything is its work."

"Every vice, pain and disorder in human nature is in itself nothing else but the spirit of the creature turned from the universality of love to some self-seeking or own will in created things."

of "the soul rising out of the vanity of time into the riches of eternity," the charge Quakerism was made against him. It was asserted that Law's teaching about the inner life, inner light, etc., was subversive of formal religion. There are sentences which can be detached from his writings and used to substantiate such a charge as hostility to ecclesiastical forms and usages. He implies that the difference between Christians and Pagans is not one of intellectual creeds or Church attendance but of attention concentrated upon the inner or outer world.* He says in one place: "No external dispensation could redeem man unless the seed of life were in him."† He wrote in a private letter: "their [his writings] whole drift is to call all Christians to a God and Christ within them, as the only possible life, light, and power of all goodness they can ever have; and, therefore, they turn my readers as much from myself as from any other, 'Lo here! or Lo there!'" Surely it is malevolent prejudice alone that could distort such statements away from the evident and reverent purpose of the author. Law held as tenaciously to the outward practices of the Church of England as Loyola did to Catholic tradition. Law was not a false devotee. He had no antinomian theories. He never desired to make reputed spiritual virtues a screen for obvious moral failings. He never sought to justify outward dark deeds by flickerings of inner light. He worshipped regularly in the cell of his own heart.‡ He worshipped regularly in the parish Church also. The small religious community, composed of Law and the two ladies whose devotions and charities he directed, kept faithfully the seven daily periods of prayer provided for by old canons and breviaries. Law revered the sacraments of the Church and the offices of the Anglican Prayer Book. He labored zealously to transfer those offices from the pages of the Prayer Book to the hearts and memories of his boys and girls. He believed that the Blood of Christ flows in a vitalising current through the veins and arteries

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* "These apostles [devout souls of pagan lands], though they had not the Law or written Gospel to urge upon their hearers, yet having turned to God they found and preached the Gospel that was written in their hearts."

† Cf. also sentences like the following: "Nothing serves God or worships and adores him but that which wills and works with him."

"Salvation or damnation is no outward thing that is brought into you from without, but is only that which springs up within you as the birth and state of your own life. What you are in yourself is all that can be either your salvation or damnation."

‡ "This pearl of eternity is the *Church,* or temple of God within thee, the consecrated place of divine worship, where alone thou canst worship God *in spirit and in truth. In spirit,* because thy spirit is that alone in thee, which can unite and cleave unto God, and receive the working of His Divine Spirit upon thee. *In truth,* because this *adoration* in spirit is that *truth* and *reality,* of which all outward *forms* and *rites,* though instituted by God, are only the *figure* for a time, but this worship is eternal. Accustom thyself to the holy service of this inward temple. In the midst of it is the fountain of living water, of which thou mayst drink and live forever. There the mysteries of thy redemption are celebrated, or rather opened in life and power. There the Supper of the Lamb is kept; *the bread that came down from Heaven, that giveth life to the world,* is thy true nourishment: all is done and known in real existence, in a living sensibility of the work of God on the soul. There the birth, the life, the sufferings, the death, the resurrection and ascension of Christ are not merely remembered, but inwardly found and enjoyed as the real state of thy soul, which has followed Christ in the regeneration. When once thou art well-grounded in this *inward worship,* thou wilt have learnt to live unto God *above time* and *place.* For every day will be *Sunday* to thee, and wherever thou goest thou wilt have a *priest,* a *church,* and an *altar* along with thee."

of the cosmos. He believed also that one partakes of that Blood in the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "The blood of Christ is the life of this world, because it brings forth and generates from itself the paradisiacal, immortal flesh and blood, as certainly, as really, as the blood of fallen Adam brings forth and generates from itself the sinful, vile, corruptible flesh and blood of their life." Law was Catholic, he was finely balanced, he bent as a circumference about the center God; he did not shoot off a tangent. His profound metaphysics saved him from doctrinal eccentricity. "Everything that is outward in any being is only a birth of its own spirit," he once wrote. Law's religious practices, inward and outward, were consistent. They outdistanced those of his contemporaries just as his philosophy stands above the paltry schemes of the deistical *philosophies*. "Modern metaphysics," he wrote, "have no knowledge of the ground and nature either of spirit or body, but suppose them not only without any natural relation, but *essentially* contrary." Law maintained, to the contrary, that "body and soul go hand in hand, and are nothing else but the inward and outward state of one and the same life." The body is a husk laid over the soul.

Law is a mystical theologian. He maintains the articles of the historical Christian creed, not through some factitious scheme of logic but through truths revealed in the human heart. When a portion of those truths once becomes part of an individual's experience, that man, by continued experiment, can find them written large in the history and structure of the universe. Law is more than a theologian. He is not content merely with tracing and expounding the reason of things. He is an evangelist, also. He longs eagerly to have every man take the first experimental steps which bring knowledge of the doctrine. He wishes every man to be a Christian, not a student of Christianity. His only ambition was that his books might shape living stones for the Divine Temple. In the character of Academicus, Law, with customary lightness and urbanity, satirises the "modern" man, the man of mind, trained in all the universities, decorated with all degrees. Academicus is a pedant provided with all the lumber of religions. The illiterate Rusticus is a Temple of the Spirit. "When I had taken my degrees," Academicus replies in one of the Dialogues,* "I consulted several great divines, to put me in a method of studying divinity. Had I said to them, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' they would have prescribed hellebore to me, or directed me to the physician as a vapoured enthusiast. And yet I am now fully satisfied, that this one question ought to be the sole inquiry of him, who desires to be a true divine. And was our Saviour himself on earth, who surely could do more for me than all the libraries in the world, yet I need have asked no more divinity-knowledge of him, than is contained in this one question.

"It would take up near half a day, to tell you the work which my

* Law frequently used the *Dialogue* form as the most convenient for exposition and for presenting and answering objections.

learned friends have cut out for me. One told me, that Hebrew words are all; that they must be read without points; and then the Old Testament is an opened book. He recommended to me a cart-load of lexicons, critics, and commentators, upon the Hebrew Bible. Another tells me, the Greek Bible is the best; that it corrects the Hebrew in many places; and refers me to a large number of books learnedly writ in the defence of it. Another tells me, that Church-history is the main matter; that I must begin with the first Fathers, and follow them through every age of the Church, not forgetting to take the Lives of the Roman Emperors along with me, as striking great light into the state of the Church in their times. Then I must have recourse to all the councils held, and the canons made, in every age; which would enable me to see with my own eyes the great corruptions of the Council of Trent. Another, who is not very fond of ancient matters, but wholly bent upon rational Christianity, tells me, I need go no higher than the Reformation; that Calvin and Cranmer were very great men; that Chillingworth and Locke ought always to lie upon my table; that I must get an entire set of those learned volumes wrote against Popery in King James's reign; and also be well versed in all the discourses which Mr. Boyle's and Lady Moyer's lectures have produced: And then, says he, you will be a match for our greatest enemies, which are the Popish priests, and modern deists. My tutor is very liturgical; he desires me, of all things, to get all the collections that I can of the ancient liturgies, and all the authors that treat of such matters; who, he says, are very learned, and very numerous. He has been many years making observations upon them, and is now clear, as to the time, when certain little particles got entrance into the liturgies, and others were by degrees dropped. He has a friend abroad, in search of ancient manuscript liturgies; for, 'by the bye,' said he, at parting, 'I have some suspicion that our Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is essentially defective, for want of having a little water in the wine, etc.' Another learned friend tells me, the Clementine Constitutions is the book of books; and that all that lies loose and scattered in the New Testament, stands there in its true order and form; and though he will not say, that Dr. Clarke and Mr. Whiston are in the right; yet it might be useful to me to read all the Arian and Socinian writers, provided I stood upon my guard, and did it with caution. The last person I consulted, advised me to get all the histories of the rise and progress of heresies, and of the lives and characters of heretics. These histories, he said, contract the matter; bring truth and error close in view; and I should find all that collected in a few pages, which would have cost me some years to have got together. He also desired me to be well versed in all casuistical writers, and chief schoolmen; for they debate matters to the bottom; dissect every virtue, and every vice, into its many degrees and parts; and show, how near they can come to one another without touching. And this knowledge, he said, might be useful to me, when I came to be a parish-priest.

"Following the advice of all these counsellors, as well as I could,

I lighted my candle early in the morning, and put it out late at night. In this labour I had been sweating for some years, till Rusticus, at my first acquaintance with him, seeing my way of life, said to me, 'Had you lived about seventeen hundred years ago, you had stood just in the same place as I stand now. I cannot read; and therefore,' says he, 'all these hundreds of thousands of disputed books, and doctrine-books, which these seventeen hundred years have produced, stand not in my way, they are the same thing to me, as if they had never been. And, had you lived at the time mentioned, you had just escaped them all, as I do now; because, though you are a very good reader, there were then none of them to read.

" 'Could you, therefore, be content to be one of the primitive Christians, who were as good as any that have been since, you may spare all this labour. Take only the Gospel into your hands; deny yourself; renounce the lusts of the flesh; set your affections on things above; call upon God for his Holy Spirit; walk by faith, and not by sight; adore the holy deity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in whose Image and Likeness you were at first created, and in whose Name and Power you have been baptised, to be again the living likeness, and holy habitation, of his Life, and Light, and Holy Spirit.

" 'Look up to Christ, as your Redeemer, your Regenerator, your second Adam; look at him, as truly he is, the Wisdom and Power of God, sitting at his Right Hand in Heaven, giving forth gifts unto men; governing, sanctifying, teaching, and enlightening with his Holy Spirit, all those that are spiritually-minded; who live in faith, and hope, and prayer, to be redeemed from the nature and power of this evil world. Follow but this simple, plain spirit of the Gospel, loving God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself, and then you are Christ's disciple, and have his authority to "let the Dead bury their Dead."

" 'God is a Spirit, in whom you live and move and have your being; and he stays not till you are a great scholar, but till you turn from evil, and love goodness, to manifest his holy Presence, Power, and Life, within you. It is the love of goodness, that must do all for you; this is the art of arts; and when this is the ruling spirit of your heart, then Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will come unto you, and make their abode with you, and lead you into all truth.' "

The man Rusticus who speaks thus to his learning-burdened friend is ignorant of much that the "world" prizes; but he has gained the "hidden Wisdom." To Law, as to all truly religious souls, everything is dross in comparison with that spiritual gold.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

THE BATTLE ROYAL

THE purifying breath of war was sweeping over the land. A world-weary pilgrim slept and dreamed. When he awoke he told his dream to others and they to still others, until it reached these pages—garbled, perhaps, by its passage through many minds, but preserving still some hints of truth.

The call came and the disciple found himself standing among those of like degree, watching the assembly of the Great Ones. In previous experiences of a similar nature the atmosphere had been full of that serene intensity of utter devotion which is characteristic of such gatherings. Among the juniors there would be interest, expectation, hope. This time there was a marked change. A feeling of great gravity, of seriousness, almost of tenseness and of strain, was apparent. Evidently affairs of great magnitude were in progress. An instant exercise of his perceptive faculties and the disciple realized the situation. It was outside of his own experience, but he was familiar with the Lodge traditions:

The Silent Watcher had decreed a Battle Royal.

The White Lodge has some weapons it rarely uses. They are reserved for great emergencies in the slow and painful evolution of the world. One of these is the earth cataclysm, when men become too evil; when they pass too completely under the sway of the Black Lodge; when the generally decadent tendency ceases to be offset by the individual efforts of the good; then by fire or ice, by earthquake or flood, the surface of the earth is swept bare of men: the world lies fallow for awhile. The psychic and physical atmosphere is purged of its vileness and then the sin-burdened souls start fresh upon their upward climb under better and easier circumstances. There are great cataclysms and lesser cataclysms, local and general, depending upon the object to be achieved.

Another weapon of the White Lodge is the Battle Royal. The White and Black forces wage perpetual warfare, on all the five planes of being reached by the Black Lodge, but this warfare is for the souls of men. The Battle Royal is not for the souls of men, it is for the very existence of the combatants themselves, it is a fight to the death—spiritual death—annihilation.

The White Lodge has the power, at any time, to precipitate a conflict, and to summon the cohorts of the Black Lodge, rank and file, to come forward and fight for their existence. It is a weapon very seldom used, for the cost is great.

The White Lodge is always, and must always be more powerful on the higher planes; the Black Lodge is often stronger on the physical plane. When the world is evil and the human race corrupt, and materialistic, the Black Lodge is at its height and waxes numerous and strong.

The rules of the Battle Royal are that rank shall meet rank and individual shall meet individual. The seniors meet the seniors, the most powerful, the most powerful. Down through the whole hierarchy grade by grade, the seniors go forth to meet their respective antagonists. If the White Lodge has more members of a certain grade than are called for by the members of the corresponding grade in the Black Lodge, the balance cannot fight. If the Black Lodge in its turn has more adherents in any grade than the White Lodge, again the surplus does not have to fight, unless a member of the White Lodge of a lower grade volunteers and is permitted to fight. The Black Lodge is always more numerous and more powerful in the lower grades. Consequently it suffers most among its ranking members, while the White Lodge suffers most among its chelas and youngest disciples. That is the reason why the Battle Royal is a weapon very seldom used. It is practically never advocated by the masters themselves out of their tender regard for their chelas, and has to be decreed by the Great Power, whose rare commands are often unexpected.

As the disciple watched he saw the hosts of the Black Lodge appearing, on what can only be described as the other side of a space, and within this space was a magnetic ring which was the battle ground. The ranking member of the Black Lodge was drawn irresistibly into this magnetic ring; a figure of indescribable majesty and power. Although he must have known himself face to face with annihilation, the visage did not loose its immobility, in the eyes was a hopeless and desperate calm. As he entered the ring, the Regent of the West, without moving from his seat, drew the edge of the ring to him, until he too was in it, and then with a single, simple gesture, as if flicking ashes from a cigarette, the other *was not;* and the edge of the ring moved back.

Then those of the next grade came forward one by one from each side and entered the ring. There was no sign of combat. Two figures would stand facing each other for an instant and then the representative of the Black Lodge simply disappeared.

Soon all of that grade were finished and the battle between the next began. The outer circumstances did not vary, save that the contests took more time and there was less calmness; growing signs of struggle and of effort. Grade after grade of the White Lodge met and conquered their adversaries. At first, the White Lodge had numbers left over after the Black Lodge had exhausted all its representatives of each particular grade, but as the scale descended, the balance went the other way; the Black Lodge members of the lower grades were so numerous, that it

had the surplus after all the representatives of the White Lodge had come forward.

Then came calamity. The first member of the White Lodge was overpowered. He was only a chela, and a junior chela at that, but he too disappeared, save that instead of nothing, there was left a luminous sphere, the augoiedes, the upper triad of principles, which, perforce, had to begin again the cycle of incarnation. His antagonist backed away with a look of evil triumph. When the struggle began between individuals closer to the disciple's own degree, he noticed a gradual change in what can only be described as the scenery. As he understood more and more of the nature of the contest and the plane upon which it was taking place, it interpreted itself to his mind more and more as an ordinary fight. It ceased to be solely between opposing wills, and became more and more a battle between bodies. He knew that this was only symbolical of the exercise of all the forces and powers that each contestant had available, but so it pictured itself to his mind.

Heretofore the attention and interest of the disciple had been impersonal. Even when his own Master had entered the ring, his absolute confidence in him had prevented anxiety. Absorbed in watching the combats, he had not noticed his own surroundings. His special friends had not had to fight at all. Now he saw that the scene had again changed. He was standing with a very few others, near a great precipice, down which the combatants hurled each other. Sometimes they both went down.

Suddenly he saw the King walk forward, and opposed to him was a magnificent and regal person, radiating vitality and sinister power. He awoke from his absorption with a start, for this was his King and age-long comrade, whom he had pledged to serve and to whom he owed everything. Looking round, he saw back from the precipice, and outside the area of conflict, the Great Ones still assembled, watching. With him and behind him were grouped the younger chelas who were still to be engaged. He knew then that he too would have to fight and that his time was drawing near. He realized in a flash that a crucial contest was at hand, for there was then to be fought in Heaven, and between the worlds' representatives of the two Lodges, the White King and the Black King, a battle, the issue of which would profoundly influence the future of mankind. The earthly war which was then raging was but the outer expression of this inner battle.

The King and his antagonist rushed at each other and locked in a fierce embrace. Then he saw another representative of the Black Lodge run forward, and he knew him as the Black King's squire. That meant that he too could enter the magnetic circle and help his King. Making for the squire, who was intent on the other two, he grasped him from behind. Instantly every atom of strength and power he had was engaged in a desperate struggle. He tried to keep his head, to keep cool, to supplement his insufficient strength with his wits, but strive as he

would, he felt himself overcome. Every sin he had ever committed rose to his mind, and he could feel his antagonist use them. His lack of power was because of his misuse of that power. Never before had he known such repentance, and nothing but the thought of his Master's sorrow nerved him to continued effort. Still he was overcome and found himself close to the brink of the precipice. He gave a cry of despair, an appeal for help, whereupon the White King broke away from his antagonist, rushed toward them, and dealt a fearful blow to his antagonist. The black squire's head wabbled on his shoulders. The disciple pushed him over the few remaining feet of ground and thrust him over the precipice.

Turning just in time he saw the Black King staggering toward the brink bearing the White King aloft. There was only time to throw himself at the Black King's feet, and the three rolled over the edge of rock in an inextricable tangle. Like an echo from a great distance he heard a moan from the spectators. He was conscious of a fearful wrench and he found himself clinging to the King who in turn was swinging over the awful chasm, grasping desperately at the root of a small tree which sprouted from a fissure of the rock a few inches from the brink. The Black King had disappeared. For an instant they were quiet: then summoning all his powers, he climbed up the body of the King until he too could grasp the root. Then slowly, laboriously, inch by inch, as he supported his own weight, the King raised himself until he got one hand on the surface of the rock, then his forearm, and then as his head and face lifted over the edge, again the disciple heard a sigh, like a far off echo.

Watching with an intensity of interest that was breathless, the spectators saw the white, strained, haggard face, with its finely chiselled features almost unrecognizable in its grim and indomitable purpose, slowly emerge from the chasm; then the long slender body, until finally the King sank exhausted, safe. But only for a moment. Not understanding his immediate purpose, they saw him turn and lean over the chasm again. He made effort after effort, unavailing, then desperate, but still unconquered, unbeaten, they saw him back away from the chasm with a hand between his teeth. In a moment, the scarcely conscious face of the disciple was dragged above the line, and with another supreme effort by both, a last conscious impulse toward self-preservation, the body of the disciple was hauled over the brink. Even yet they were not safe, and could be given no assistance, for they were still within the magnetic circle. So painfully, stupidly, half-conscious, like men sodden with drugs, they crawled feebly toward their goal—their Master. The spectators watched with gleaming eyes as they struggled forward until they crossed the circle, then, instantly, as they knelt at their Master's feet, as his arms enveloped them, all signs of conflict, of fatigue, of strain, disappeared, and there stood there two radiantly happy chelas.

The disciple said afterwards that he believed that the Master's Master had put that root at just that place, but under what law he did not know; perhaps because of the great love he bore his Son and his Son bore his two disciples. THE PILGRIM.

TRUE POLITENESS

A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a suitable present for the Caliph. So he filled his leather bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid the gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, drank freely, and then with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. But after the simple-hearted giver had left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained the motive of his prohibition:

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

—AVE MARIA.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

VI

For this cause I, Paul, the prisoner of Christ Jesus in behalf of you Gentiles,—if so be that ye have heard of the stewardship of that grace of God which was given me to you-ward; how that by revelation was made known unto me the mystery, as I wrote afore in a few words, whereby, when ye read, ye can perceive my understanding in the mystery of the Christ; which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men, as it hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit. . . .

EPHESIANS, iii, 1-5.

THE steps into which our subject has divided itself in the preceding sections may be summarized briefly as follows: Unreasoning, uncritical man has always believed in and acknowledged a spiritual world; the history of religions and religious practices has revealed man's continuous effort to reach this spiritual world, or, more often, if possible to bring it down to his own level of perception and consciousness. Recent critical psychological analysis of the individual cannot penetrate as yet behind will-power,—or rather, it cannot distinguish and define the life-force of which will is the expression; so that empiric scientific achievement fails as yet to take direct cognizance of a spiritual world. However, much of recent philosophic speculation based on our modern science is more and more impelled toward at least a serious consideration of the necessity for some spiritual world underlying the so-called world of matter. Many eminent scientists are publicly stating that they can see no other possible explanation of life itself.

Turning to religions and religious leaders, we find them all stating emphatically and as a fact of their personal experience, that there is a spiritual world, and that life itself does find its fullest explanation only in the realization of conscious existence in this spiritual world. Such existence is possible; and the object of all genuine religious teaching and training is to develop in man the (hitherto merely latent) capacity of elevating and enlarging his ordinary, everyday consciousness to the point where he can and will for himself recognize and know the spiritual world, acquire its new powers and share in its richness of life and superabundant joys.

Further than this, the special and peculiar contribution of Christianity was its specific teaching, not only about Spirit in general and about an abstract spiritual world, but more particularly of the birth of

a Spirit in each man who consecrated himself to a pure, upright, and devoted life, who became, technically, a disciple of the Master Jesus. This contribution, or revelation as it has been called, was the foremost and underlying truth in all of St. Paul's message as embodied in his many writings. For this reason we have examined a few of the passages in Paul's early Epistles that are not so well-worn to Christian ears as are, for instance, those used in the burial service. People today are so conversant with certain parts of Paul, and his words convey to their minds so immediately the commonplace materialistic interpretation of later dogmatizing, that it is difficult really to penetrate this mental barrier and attain Paul's own intention. But from these earlier passages, assembled so as to glean one comprehensive thought, we have seen the fundamental ideas clearly expressed. He himself believed and taught that the Master had at baptism "put in our hearts the first instalment of the Spirit,"* which is likened to a temple, upbuilt by God, and increasing as the disciple's own devotion to the cause of the Master and to the religious life made increase possible. He also taught that the spiritual world is not apart from or outside of the physical, mental, and psychic worlds known to average humanity: it is on the contrary not only an essential part of that world, but is in reality the whole of which we see but the part; or, put in another way, the everyday world, with all its achievements, *is* inseparable from the spiritual world since there is fundamental unity between the two,—but the physical world is the more limited, the spiritual being an extension of it. From the point of view of the limited, a bridge or channel of communication between the two is a necessity as the first step toward any apprehension of what lies outside; and this bridge depends upon just this extension of the lower, limited, and familiar powers common to all men. A degree of attainment in this reached, and the actual new birth, the "birth from above," occurs. The Spirit is born in the man;—he becomes a "new creature," personally aware of this Spirit in himself, partly at least identified with it, and yet all the while living and functioning in the physical world.

So we see that the ethically higher qualities,—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be anything praiseworthy,"†—all such qualities developed, lived out, and made the vital constituents of a man's character and being, are in the nature of things part and parcel of the spiritual world and will lead inevitably to the birth of the Spirit in him, to a new sense and consciousness of oneness with fellow disciples, to direct knowledge of the spiritual realities, to discernment of spiritual truths, and to vision of and with the Master.

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*τὸν ἀ῾ρραβῶνα τοῦ πνεύματος. "῾Αρραβών is properly a deposit paid as a security for the rest of the purchase money; and then, by a natural transference, the first instalment of a treasure given as a pledge for the delivery of the remainder." Westcott on *Eph.* i, 14.

† *Philippians* iv, 8.

The early Christian Church originally was the corporate body of such disciples, themselves varying in their degrees of attainment;—an outward, organized, and directed group for work in the world, and at the same time the mystical body of Christ their Master, one with His very mind and life, bound by the ties of love, as only love can bind, into a single whole of which He was the head and they formed the living members.

These broad conceptions of the place of the spiritual world, not as vaguely distant, but as closely in touch with, beside, and interpenetrating the physical, mental, and psychic worlds of our daily experience,—these conceptions, then, underlie all of St. Paul's thinking. With them fairly in mind, we can now turn to the two great remaining passages in his letters which deal directly with our subject. Familiar as they are, new truth may now be found to exist in them, and more insight into the things of the Spirit obtained.

In *I Corinthians* xv Paul takes up the vital question of life after death and the resurrection. In it are very definite statements about the spiritual body as a fact; and we are again reminded that these things are a mystery, to be understood and known only in the living of them. How can there be a resurrection of the body, and how can we believe that Christ rose from the dead? asked the Corinthians. And Paul answers first, quite plainly, that this mortal, corruptible body cannot and does not enter the spiritual world; that just as there is no question of a seed-body, once planted, itself coming alive again after its death in the ground, so also this physical body, however it may provide the instrument and channel necessary for a new birth, yet of itself dies and once dead stays dead. "Now I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption put on incorruption."

But Paul does not only direct his argument to the crude materialistic outlook of the Corinthians, rather he indicates again the direction in which we must look to get at the true inwardness of this question. For it involves not merely death as an unexplained fact of natural and material existence, but the mystery of the life of the Spirit, its immortality in the mystical body of the resurrected Christ, and therefore involves also the laws that govern the relation between Spirit-world and the world of matter.

Paul shows us that Christ is the great exemplar of this spiritual fact and of these spiritual laws. "For since death came through man,* through man also is the resurrection from death,"† he tells us, "For as in Adam all die, so also in the Christ shall all be made alive." Whether or not

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* διά with the genitive denotes the instrument or agency by or through which a thing occurs. *I Cor.* xv, 21 ff.

† νεκρος is used frequently in the N. T. and notably by St. Paul to mean the *spiritually dead*, while life is still running its course in the physical body. Thayer's lexicon defines this use to mean "destitute of a life that recognizes and is devoted to God, because given up to trespasses and sins; inactive as respects doing right." True so far as it goes, this definition does not seem to set forth all that St. Paul means. The reborn man is a "new creature," not merely a pious man. St. Paul means goodness and something more, connected with the indwelling Spirit. Compare *Rom.* vi, 13; *Eph.* ii, 1; and v, 14 with *Jn.* v, 25 and *Rev.* iii, 1.

Paul knew the double use of the word Christ, such as is found in the esoteric *Pistis-Sophia* of the early Gnostics, cannot be determined; but in this connection the Gnostic use of the name as signifying not the man Jesus, but the impersonal principle, the Atmâ within every man's soul, is very suggestive. The tie, already spoken of, that binds master and disciple would further explain, perhaps, the reason for this use of the word Christ. We find Paul elsewhere (*Galatians* iv, 19) saying "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you," or, just before (ii, 20), "I have been crucified with Christ; but I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." All the emphasis is laid in these passages on a spiritual relationship between Christ and his disciples; and it is on this relationship, and in the possession of this Spirit, our Spirit and at the same time Christ's, that depend our immortality and the final resurrection.

"But, some one will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own." To live as a plant the seed must die. And the direct inference from this is that to live a conscious entity in the spiritual, eternal world, the down-tending passions and senses of man that divert life and power away from his immortal inner ego must first "die," and these before his body does. For the body is but the field of each man's opportunity, throughout each incarnation, to achieve this self-transmutation; after physical death comes "the night, when no man can work." So Paul—"I protest by that in you of which one can glory, brethren, and which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily." The aphorism "To live is to die and to die is to live," has been too little understood by Western materialism; but the fact remains that only through the death of the weeds of human passions can the perceptions and the existence of the spiritual man be called to life.

"All flesh is not the same flesh: for there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and that of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body; there is also a spiritual body. So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord of [or

from] heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, let us also bear the image of the heavenly."

Could Paul be very well more explicit? Compare this with another passage, again in *Galatians* (vi, 7-9). "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Eternal life can and does only come in the measure that our consciousness is centered in the Spirit; earthly consciousness, brain-personality, perishes with the death of the body. We shall refer to this more fully in a later section.

Again linking thought to thought, and analysing Paul's meaning closely, does it not seem that he is blending two ideas here,—familiar enough to those who have read Madame Blavatsky? Is he not using a discussion of the life after death and the ground for faith in Christ's resurrection as a means to inculcate the idea of spiritual resurrection here and now? See what he says next. "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall all be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this incorruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Surely Paul is again touching here on that achievement, possible even while alive in the physical body, of passing through death imperceptibly, as it were,—exchanging a corruptible, fleshly body for an incorruptible spiritual? The last trump is the symbol of the final judgment,—but this may come at any time for the disciple. Paul expressly intimates that some will experience this before physical death, and that then they shall be raised up incorruptible. It was well enough for the lay multitude to believe and fear an impending final judgment; Paul and his intimate disciples could hardly have believed any such crude idea, and the Second Coming with its searching judgment was for them rather a vital step, or fact, in their spiritual development. The "Elixir of Life" in *Five Years of Theosophy* gives a very specific and detailed account of this same investiture in its more scientific details; and all of Paul's ethical and moral training supplements Madame Blavatsky's teaching as leading us directly toward a readjustment to this other world. In the next letter to the *Corinthians* (iii, 16 ff.), Paul recurs to his idea, speaking, perhaps, particularly for the benefit of those who really could understand: "But whensoever a man shall turn to the Lord, the veil is taken

away. Now the Lord is the Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord which is the Spirit." Further comparisons of this peculiarly Pauline theory with some of the Theosophic writings on the subject will be considered in a later section.

In *II Corinthians* (iv, 3 ff.) Paul advances another argument to reinforce his earlier teaching of the Spirit, which had not been believed or understood by some of the disciples. "But and if," he writes, "our gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that are in danger of losing eternal life:* in whom the god of this age hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that there should not dawn upon them the illumination of the gospel of the Christ, who is the image of God. . . . But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God, and not from ourselves; . . . Wherefore we faint not; but though our outer man is decaying, yet our inner man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if the earthly house of our bodily frame be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands,† eternal in the heavens. For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found stripped of the body. For indeed we that are in this bodily frame do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life. Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God, who gave unto us the earnest of his Spirit. Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we are dwelling in the body we are not at home with the Lord (for we walk by faith, not by appearance); we are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be dwelling with the Lord. Wherefore also we are ambitious, whether present or absent, to be well-pleasing unto him. For we must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of the Christ; that each one may receive the things through the body, according to what he hath done, whether good or bad. . . . Wherefore if any man is in Christ, there is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold they are become new."

The student would do well to read the whole of this passage, from

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* Cf. this use of ἀπόλλυμι with cognate uses in St. John's Gospel; as, for instance iii, 15, 16; x, 28; xvii, 12. John's whole conception was that eternal life begins on earth, just as soon as one becomes united to Christ by faith. Paul holds the same idea.

† Cf. Nathan's message to David concerning the temple in *II Sam.* vii, 11-18, where God says *he* will make the house, to be "forever"; and the description of its building in *I Kings* vi, especially verse 7—"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready at the quarry; and there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

which we have only culled choice fragments, in the light of what has gone before. Perhaps no summary is needful. Paul's meaning is so obvious, in one sense, that paraphrasing would be merely to repeat less convincingly what he has so ably presented. There is one comment, may be, that will connect what has been said of love as the root-power of all spiritual growth with this specific teaching of the existence of the heavenly man. In *Ephesians,* chapter three, Paul epitomizes his whole doctrine when he writes: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom every fatherhood in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God." One feels that no man could have written these passages who did not indeed "know" that he had "a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

The *Epistle to the Romans* follows in point of time, and in sequence and comprehension of thought, the *Epistle to the Galatians,* from which we have already quoted. Both deal with a problem that must obviously confront the disciple once he clearly realizes the presence in him of a Spirit and the new life that it brings. He consciously becomes two natures so to speak, one the familiar Adam of the flesh, the other the second Adam of the Spirit. To effect this new entrance into spiritual consciousness is the declared purpose of God. "And when the fullness of time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that are under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father. So that thou art no longer a bond-servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir through God." (*Gal.* iv, 4-7). With the realization of this experience, then, comes the conflict between the two natures, between the natural man and the Spiritual man. This antithesis is made clear in chapter three—"This only would I learn from you, Received ye the Spirit from works of the law or from understanding of faith? Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now perfected in the flesh? . . . He therefore that supplieth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles in you, doeth he it by works of the law or by understanding of faith?" Paul further reminds them that only to those directly connected with himself and carrying on his work, is the Spirit vouchsafed. The legalists and Judaisers had nothing of this kind to show. They could not point to any spiritual results following their ministration of legal and formal ordinances. So, in reason, would men who knew from their own experience what spiritual consciousness and spiritual powers meant, be content to

enter on the down-grade road of external rites, to descend from the spiritual to the material, and after such an initiation into their new life (ἐναρξάμενοι πνεύματι) seek to consummate it by a purely carnal and formal observance (σαρκὶ ἐπιτελεῖσθε)?

The heart of this whole argument is an appeal for faith in the Spirit. If there be any consciousness of Spirit, is it not sheer folly to reverse the true order of progress—to go from Spirit to flesh and not from flesh to Spirit? If there be no such consciousness, what was it in the Jewish legal code that gave it any significance, if not faith in the promise of God to reward the righteous man? So faith itself is no new conception, but faith must now be in Christ Jesus, for faith in Him means receiving the Spirit, and the Spirit can only come through this faith, and never through legal rites.

There follow a group of passages in which the contrast between Spirit and flesh is worked out in detail. The antagonism is seen to be far more radical than had been supposed. "But I say, Walk by the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that whatsoever things ye would, these ye may not do. But if you are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law." This is but a logical deduction if sowing to the flesh shall reap corruption, whereas sowing to the Spirit shall "of the Spirit reap eternal life." The two are thus diametrically opposed; and if discipleship and conscious knowledge are to be attained, men have to choose between them. There need be nothing doubtful or indefinite about this: "Manifest are the works of the flesh, such as are fornication, impurity, lasciviousness, idol-worship, witchcraft, enmities, strifes, rivalries, fits of passion, factions, divisions, self-willed partizanships, envious tempers, drinking bouts, revels, and such like. . . . But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, graciousness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such things there is no law."

Turning now to the *Epistle to the Romans,* we find in chapters seven and eight the same question handled, but more directly in its relation to the Spirit in us. "For when we were in the flesh, the passions of our sins, which were through the law, wrought in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But as things now are, we have been discharged from the law, having died to that wherein we were holden; so that we serve in newness of the Spirit, and not in oldness of the written ordinance." But the old law of sin and death in the flesh is now vanquished and replaced by a new and stronger principle, "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ."

The psychology of this transfer is subtle, and is graphically depicted by Paul. He takes us a step at a time. Is the law itself sin? "God forbid. Howbeit, I had not known sin except through the law: for I had not known coveting, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet: . . . for apart from the law sin is dead." But with realization of the law

came sin, "and I died"—a clear recognition on Paul's part of his state before his conversion. ". . . for not what I would do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. But if what I would not, that I do, I consent unto the law that *it* is good. So now it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: . . . For I delight in the law of God after the inner man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members." Consent to what is recognized as sin introduces sin itself into the heart of the man, and makes something of evil an integral part of his inner nature. But, just as self-identification with evil introduces it into the inner make-up of the man, so self-identification with good—with Christ—introduces the Holy Spirit into him. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For they that are according to the flesh set their minds upon the things of the flesh; but they that are according to the Spirit, upon the things of the Spirit. For the mind set upon the flesh is death, but the mind set upon the Spirit is life and peace: Because the mind set upon the flesh is hostility toward God; for it is not in a state of subjection to the law of God (neither indeed can it be): for they that are in the flesh cannot please God." It becomes, then, a matter of attention—first of faith, when the venture can be made to accept Christ and enter upon the promised spiritual heritage, and second, the directing of the mind and desires away from the things of this world toward the things of the new, higher, and divine order and life.

"But," says Paul, addressing his disciples, called to be saints, "ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. [A sentence to make us pause and consider.] And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of him dwelleth in you, he that raised up the Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Perhaps we can understand now why men in those days prepared sometimes twenty or forty years for baptism. This is no pretence of holiness, no playing at being good. We are "none of his" unless we are dead to the flesh, and possessed of the Spirit, with all its miracle-bringing powers.

"So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh: for if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit ye make to die the doings of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of slavery [leading you] again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our Spirit, that we are children of God: and if

children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

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So much for St. Paul's treatment and understanding of the Spirit. The full force of his conception and experience has never really penetrated Christian thought and theology. Great confusion arose when Greek metaphysical discussion centered about the Trinity, with the result that Paul's plain teaching of the Spirit was subordinated to the then raging controversy. In addition, men who had no well-rounded spiritual life promulgated countless genuine heresies about the Spirit;—often psychic distortions of that of which Paul wrote. The later Church, itself having for the most part lost direct, first-hand, experiential knowledge of the Spirit, was left to disentangle a great mass of theoretic speculation on the one hand, and records of special and differing individual experiences on the other. The result was far from coherent, and far indeed from the reasonably intelligible and simple sources of Christianity itself. Paul foresaw this and warned his disciple Timothy that such counterfeit knowledge would be current. "But the Spirit saith expressly, that in later times some shall fall away from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, through the hypocrisy of men that speak lies, seared in their own conscience as with a hot iron; . . . but refuse profane and old wives' fables." And, "That good thing which was deposited in thee guard through the Holy Spirit which dwelleth in us."*

The more recent study on the part of critical theologians of this whole subject has led to one particularly unfortunate conclusion. They find little or nothing about the Spirit as taught by St. Paul in the gospel accounts of Christ's teaching. Whatever of importance this whole idea of the relation of the Spirit with personal life may have, to the Church today, it lacks the authority of the Master's spoken word; and the tendency is to emphasize simply the ethical precepts of Paul, and to discount his inner teaching as theoretic and little more than a "mental distinction."†

The activities of the Spirit are all conceived as expressions in different ways of the Third Person of the Trinity; a Spirit personal and peculiar to each individual is never fully admitted—as St. Paul insistently teaches. So we find the Holy Ghost divided into convenient headings, so to speak, to exemplify its manifold operations. There is the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Jesus Christ, the Spirit in the Church, the Spirit and the Ministry, the Spirit and the Written Word, the Spirit and the Personal Life, the Spirit and the Life to come. The simple statements of Paul have been fitted into some system of Church doctrine handed down through the ages, and so their obvious meaning lost. The

* *I Tim.* iv, 1 ff; *II Tim.* i, 14.

† Cf. *The Holy Spirit in the New Testament:* H. B. Swete, p. 341 ff.

doctrine of infused grace, intangible and capricious, took the place of an indwelling Spirit; and the Third Person of the Trinity became the Person who acted as the channel for Christ's grace to reach our hearts. Paul was left behind; a whole new body of doctrine became the established norm of belief. The Spirit exists now in Christian thought largely as "a person in the unity of a tripersonal Essence" as one writer holds. The fact that personal qualities are freely attributed to it as an agent in the field of human experience is unexplained or avoided.

Even the *Old Testament* represents the Spirit as entering into and speaking through the prophets, and as grieved by the sin or indifference of men.* In the *Acts* and Paul's *Epistles* we find it tempted and resisted, bearing witness, interceding, initiating a new work or debarring men from it, endowing with gifts and powers. "Is this mere personification, due to the habit of regarding the Spirit as the energy of the Living God?" asks the theologian. Turn to the evidence of Paul for an answer. Here is a physical, fleshly man, who cannot inherit the Kingdom. Here is a spiritual, resurrected Christ. What connecting link is there but Paul's doctrine of the heavenly man, the new creature, born in us at the time of that true baptism of which the rite is but the symbol, nurtured by grace within and purity of life without?

But this doctrine is not restricted by any means to Paul, though his exposition of it is by far the most detailed and specific. Christ's recorded utterances are full of allusions to this same idea, and in the light of Paul's real teaching can be seen, not as embodying some radically differing theory, but as in truth the formulations of the fundamental principles on which hang all that Paul said twenty and more years later. These will be discussed in some detail in the next section.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

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* *II Samuel*, xxiii, 2; *Isaiah*, lxiii, 10; *Es.*, ii, 2, etc.

The subjection of the will is accomplished by calmly resigning thyself in everything that internally or externally vexes thee; for it is thus only that the soul is prepared for the reception of divine influences. Prepare the heart like clean paper, and the Divine Wisdom will imprint on it characters to His own liking.—M. de Molinos.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

I HAVE a clergyman friend who finds himself unable to reconcile the teachings of Christ with the taking of the life of a fellow human being under any circumstances whatsoever. Accordingly he feels that war is wrong and that all who engage in it, irrespective of what their motive may be or of the principles for which they believe themselves to be fighting, are acting in violation of Christ's teaching and of His will.

In partial support of this, he quoted the Master's rebuke of Peter for using his sword in the garden of Gethsemane and His statement that those that take the sword shall perish by the sword. He admitted that the Master himself had used violence in support of a principle when He drove the money changers out of the Temple, but said that He had never taken life or in any way countenanced taking it, that His whole teaching was gentleness and forbearance and that to kill a brother man was directly contrary to His spirit.

When asked what he would have had France and Belgium do, he replied that a policy of complete non-resistance on their part would have so aroused the whole civilized world and so shamed the Germans that a continuance of the war would have become impossible.

There was a nation that did not resist,—Luxembourg. It is said to be starving today, in unshamed German hands. Would the "civilized world," would this nation, that did not even lift its voice in protest when little Belgium made its gallant fight against tremendous odds, thereby gaining a few precious days delay that may have saved France, would we have lifted a finger had she submitted as Luxembourg submitted? There are thousands in this country today who would gladly die for Belgium and France. Is there one who would give his life for Luxembourg? Is there any sign of shame in Germany? You can not shame a mad dog. Submission never made a bully stop maltreating a small boy. The Germans frankly worship force and condemn mercy as a weakness unworthy of the superman. Submission would have been taken for cowardice and would have aroused contempt, not shame.

Nevertheless if non-resistance be right, what it arouses in the aggressor or what the consequences may be, is not the point. If it is right, it is right and must be followed irrespective of murder, outrage and ruin. It is simple to prove that it is not expedient. The question then becomes, is it right? Or rather, is war, involving as it does the killing of others, always and inevitably wrong?

Then, too, there are many who believe that a defensive war is justifiable; but that, for instance, for us to go to war to help Belgium would not be justifiable, on the ground that to kill others for any principle, however high, must be wrong.

Obviously this is founded, consciously or unconsciously, on the belief that death is the greatest evil and that no good to others can be sufficient to justify the taking of life. Suppose that we follow that a little further.

A government official unearths a widespread illicit traffic in cocaine, and takes steps that will result in its complete suppression. It is represented to him that its victims may not be able to live without it, or that those who have been dealing in it have no other means of livelihood and deprived of that will starve. Of course no attention would be paid to such statements, whether true or false, and every one would agree that, if a death followed, it could not be laid at the door of the official who had done his duty. That, you say truly, is much too indirect to be a parallel with war.

Now suppose that official to have become Governor of the State. Suppose him to be informed that, as has happened in this country more than once, a mob has broken loose in a town in that State and is looting and burning, let us say, the negro quarter. If unchecked, the Governor knows that from looting, the mob will take to killing. He orders the militia to protect the town, a clash with the mob results and rioters are killed. Did the militiaman who fired the shot in obedience to orders do wrong? Did the Governor who gave the order do wrong? Of the two the Governor's responsibility was the greater, for though he did not do the killing himself he gave the order that resulted in it. But he was right. The rioters had brought their lives into conflict with great principles of right, law and order, the defence of the innocent. The Governor had to choose between abandonment and betrayal of those principles and action that would inevitably result in death to those in opposition. That result was not his fault but theirs. He set in motion the forces of right and those in opposition were swept aside, losing their lives in the process. Would you have had the forces of right yield and turn to wrong that some men might live longer in their bodies?

There is the question. Which is the more important, the triumph of right or the continuance of the physical life of any man or group of men? The war that is not fought for principles greater than human life is an unjust and iniquitous war, a horror. What such principles are each one must answer for himself. Each man knows some things for which he would gladly die, for which he would be glad to see his nation die, if death or their abandonment were the choice. Perhaps the day will come when we will realize that the principles of right are eternal and infinite, and that any one of them is greater than all of physical life, beside them the fleeting shadow of a dream. What is physical life for, save that we may bring about the triumph of the principles of right in ourselves and in the world?

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

Did you ever notice that that statement follows almost immediately after "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth but a sword." And a little before that: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." (*Matthew* II, 28, 34, 39.) There is no "Pale Galilean" pacificism about that chapter. Read it. It is the Warrior Christ, the greatest of all warriors, leader of the Host of Heaven against the hosts of Hell in the ceaseless warfare for the souls of men.

"And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

"And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." (*Rev. XII, 7 ff.*)

Even in heaven there was war. And when that which did not belong in heaven needed to be cast out, Michael and his angels loved not their lives unto the death. Isolated texts prove nothing, but it seems to me that that passage rather more than offsets the texts the pacificists are so fond of quoting.

Perhaps the pacificist might reply that to his mind the first of the great principles of right was "Thou shalt not kill," adding that even the devil himself was not killed but only cast out from heaven to earth. For my part I would prefer to be cast from earth to heaven than from heaven to earth. What is being killed anyway? "Thou shalt not kill" was given to the world by Moses, not by Christ, and Moses certainly did not interpret it as forbidding war. Quite the contrary, for he gives the most explicit instructions in regard to methods of making war. "Thou shalt not murder" is, I understand, the correct translation. Was it not Moses who said "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me." And when the sons of Levi answered, he sent them from end to end of the camp, to slay every man his brother and every man his companion until three thousand had been slain? Considering that this happened within twenty-four hours of Moses return with the commandment from Mount Sinai, it seems clear that his understanding of its meaning is not that of the modern pacificist.

Of course the fact that this opinion lacks Biblical sanction is no reason why a man should not hold the belief that to kill another at any time, under any circumstances, is the greatest of all wrongs and never justi-

fiable, but if he does hold it he should realize that his belief is founded on crude materialism and not on the teachings of Christ. At bottom it springs from the fear of death, from the often unconscious belief that with death all ends. If one believes that for a man to lose his life is to lose his all, it is natural to feel that that is the greatest evil that can befall him, and consequently to kill him is the greatest possible wrong. Natural, yes, but materialism pure and simple. There is in the teaching of Christ no hint that death is an evil. Is not the heart of His teaching that life and all that we have are to be poured out freely, gladly for that which is right, for His will, for love of Him as the embodiment of all that is right and beautiful and true. Hatred of a fellow man He condemns, but war is not hatred of the individual enemy. That, truly, would be murder. It is hatred of the wrong for which that enemy fights. Union and Confederate soldiers did not hate each other in our civil war. English and Turks at the Dardanelles fought one another heroically and respected one another cordially throughout. Did you read the story of the English regiment that left in its trenches, when Gallipoli was abandoned, a gramaphone ready to play with the needle set on "The Turkish Patrol,"—a compliment almost worthy of the days of chivalry?

Is not the teaching of the Gospels a passionate devotion to right, to which nothing is to be compared, in the way of which nothing must stand? "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." "Let the dead bury the dead." It is that willingness to give all for love of the right that is the justification of war.

It is the age-old warfare between the body and the soul. Those that condemn the killing of the body, irrespective of the principles at stake, take the side of the body against the soul. They identify the man with the body instead of with the soul. Shrapnel kills the body, the triumph of wrong may kill the soul. Which will you choose? Shall German bodies be killed, or shall German armies conquer and German "morality" dominate the world? Would you have German teachers in French schools teaching French children for generations to come that German treachery and lust and murder in Belgium were right, to be emulated should occasion arise, learning songs of hate and celebrating "Lusitania Day" with a holiday? Would you have all men accept the doctrine that might makes right and that the weak, be they nations or individuals, have no rights that the strong are bound to respect? Would you have Nietzsche taught throughout the world as he is taught in Germany? It is such doctrines of hell that kill the soul. Fear not that which kills the body, but that which kills the soul.

And if you say that war kills the soul, I say Look at France! Did the soul of a nation ever shine more resplendent than the soul of France today? The world lays its homage at her feet and rightly. Why can we not learn to look at facts, at our experience instead of at theories? It is not war nor peace that ennobles or degrades. It is the spirit that animates the act, whatever that act may be, that determines its effect on

the character. Self-seeking will degrade in peace as in war. Selflessness, self-sacrifice will ennoble in war as in peace. What is nobility of soul save the power to hold fast to that which is noble at the cost of any personal sacrifice? Power grows through exercise and only through exercise. Is there more of the spirit of self-sacrifice today in "peaceful" America or in warring France? And in France is there more or less than there was before the war?

No doubt my friend the clergyman would say that to his mind nobility of soul consisted in love and gentleness, in forgiveness and mercy, not war and slaughter. But love of what? Belgian atrocities, frightfulness, the doctrine of the superman? Forgiveness and mercy are for repentant, not triumphant sinners. We may love the sinner but we can not love virtue without hating sin. Gentleness toward sin unrepentant is small kindness to the sinner. The choice is not between love and hate, between gentleness and brutality. It is, as in our illustration of the Governor and the rioters, to whom to be gentle and merciful, and how best to give expression to our love. The pacificist attitude reminds me of the remark made to a friend of mine who has been doing magnificent work nursing wounded soldiers in France:

"How can you do it? I could never stand the horror and the sight of the pain. I am much too sympathetic to nurse."

Are we to be "too sympathetic" with the Germans to check the cruel wrongs that they are perpetrating on French women and children? Would it be mercy for a surgeon to refuse to perform a necessary operation, letting his patient die rather than inflict pain? That sort of thing is sentimentality, not love.

There is an age-old simile of the soul and the body of man as charioteer and horses, the divine and the animal in man. The Soul in his long pilgrimage back to his divine home needs the powers of the animal to take him forward on his way. It is his task to learn to drive, to be master, not to be run away with by his passionate steeds. If, at the start of a long journey, a friend's horses ran away with him we would not ordinarily shoot the horses. We would much prefer to give him a chance to get them under control. But our friend would hardly regard it as love of him if, rather than shoot his horses, we permitted them to run over and kill a group of helpless children. The more we loved him the more eager we would be to save him from such an act. Put yourself for a moment in the place of the soul of a man run away with by passion, about to commit some terrible murder. Would you not be eternally grateful to any one who would shoot you ere you had done it?

Do not misunderstand me, please. I am not recommending shooting a man or doing anything else to him for his own good that he does not want to have done. I am not his judge. So long as it remains an individual matter, a man's morals lie between him and his Maker. The point that I would make is that death may or may not be an evil, and that, when human life opposes itself to a principle of eternal right, it is human

life that must give way. And this is because of love and mercy and in accordance with, not opposed to them. Would it be love to turn the world over to the doctrine of frightfulness, to abandon Belgium and France to the iron hand of Prussia, whose boast it is that mercy is a weakness unworthy of the followers of the superman? Again I say, it is love that justifies war, love of the right, of truth and honour and justice, the defence of the weak against the oppression of the strong, the love of all that is noblest in man, the true love of the mother who would rather see her son dead at her feet than alive and dishonoured. It is not a question of any individual or group of individuals, of whether they live or die, but whether mercy, love and justice shall prevail in the world, or frightfulness and tyranny.

If we believe in the eternal soul must we not insist on the supreme importance of all that concerns it. It is not a question of "saving" or "losing" it in some future life, but of *being it* in this life: here and now consciously to unite ourselves to the divine within us, to the best in us, to all that we would like to see immortal. It is that which is the soul, not some pale, æsthetic abstraction which we "have" for use after death in some far-away, shadowy heaven. To my mind the whole problem comes down to whether we believe in the soul or not; and if we say that we do believe, what do we mean by it? How do we think of the soul? What is it that is killed when the man is killed? Is the soul a delicate flower to be guarded from life lest it be crushed, or is it the warrior in each man, girded for battle against the forces of evil within him and in the world around? Those who attach to human life a value above all else should have a clear conception of the purpose of that life. What is it?

It is almost impossible to think straight on these subjects without some conception of the evolution of the soul, of its slow growth toward perfection in life after life throughout the ages. The problem remains hopelessly dark, like so much else in life, until we apply the idea of re-incarnation. Then much that seemed unjust and inexplicable suddenly becomes clear. Apply it for yourself (merely as a scientist applies to facts a tentative hypothesis, if you do not accept it) and see how much it explains. However, for present purposes it does not in the least matter where the future growth of the soul takes place, in this world or anywhere else that you prefer. The important point is that the soul continues to grow, that the universe exists for the purposes of the soul, and that the purpose of life is the growth of the soul.

Looked at from this point of view, death is only a stage in the great journey, one of the alternations that govern all life, day and night, winter and summer, sleeping and waking, life and death. "For certain is the death of what is born, and certain is the birth of what dies." Death changes the vehicle of the soul, the instrument through which it acts, not the soul itself.

"As putting off worn garments, a man takes others new, so putting off worn-out bodies, the lord of the body enters others new.

"Swords cut him not, nor may fire burn him, waters wet him not, nor dry winds parch.

"He may not be cut nor burned nor wet nor withered; he is eternal, all-present, firm, unshaken, everlasting."

Man is the soul, not its instrument; and it is in the growth of that soul, which is himself, and in the principles that govern it, that he is vitally interested. Bodies are useful as a means to that end. When they cease to contribute toward that growth, or become actively opposed to those principles, their usefulness, as I see it, is over. The laws that govern the development of the soul are the great principles of right and wrong. That, in the last analysis, is what makes right and wrong. Hence the paramount importance of the triumph of these principles in the world. It is far better that one generation should give one million or ten million lives than that the dominance of evil should cloud the vision and retard the growth of generations to come. Those who give their lives for any cause greater than themselves will not suffer. In that very act they gain a power that is its own rich reward. What is growth, save to gain more and more of the power to give ourselves selflessly to that which we love, to that which is greater than and outside of ourselves? And will not those who fought and died for the wrong be grateful, as their souls attain clear vision, that they were not permitted to carry out their purpose? In our civil war the South made a gallant fight for what it then thought was right, but you will find few Confederate soldiers today who are not glad that they were beaten, few who would not give their lives for the union they once fought to destroy. Truer vision is one of the rewards of self-sacrifice for a cause, be the cause right or wrong.

We must all long for peace, long for the day to come when men, no longer fighting one another, will all work together for the coming of His Kingdom on earth. But what kind of a peace do we want? Surely one that is lasting and that is founded on righteousness. Good and evil cannot live side by side in harmony. One or the other must dominate. Look at the Master's life on earth and see how He lashed to fury the evil in men. Read His fiery denunciations of the hypocrisy of that "generation of vipers." It is hard for us to think of Him as denouncing so fiercely those "whitened sepulchres," because it is hard for us to distinguish as He did between the soul which He loved and the overmastering evil that He hated with an uncompromising hatred. "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." From beginning to end, His ministry was uncompromising warfare on the forces of evil, war to the death. It is to that warfare that He calls those who would follow Him, the greatest of all warriors. There can be no lasting peace that is not founded on righteousness and justice whether it be between nations or in a man's own heart. No man is at peace within himself until he has unreservedly given himself to the best that he can see, and is actively fighting on the side of the soul against the evil in his own nature and in the world around him.

"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world gives, give I unto you." The peace that the Master promised did not mean freedom from conflict, nor from acute suffering nor even from a death of agony, witness Peter and Stephen and Paul, but the peace that comes to the heart of the man who has conquered himself, who is at one with his soul, the peace in the heart of the warrior dying with his face to the foe.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

Thine own self-will and anxiety, thy hurry and labor, disturb thy peace, and prevent Me from working in thee. Look at the little flowers, in the serene summer days; they quietly open their petals, and the sun shines into them with his gentle influences. So will I do for thee, if thou wilt yield thyself to Me.—G. Fersteegen.

A HINDU CHELA'S DIARY*

IN the month of December he arrived at Benares, on what he hoped would be his last pilgrimage. As much as I am able to discipher of this curious manuscript, written in a mixture of Tamil—the South Indian language—with Mahratta, which as you know, is entirely dissimilar, shows that he had made many pilgrimages to India's sacred places, whether by mere impulse or upon actual direction, I do not know. If he had been only any ordinary religiously disposed Hindu we might be able to come to some judgment hereupon, for the pilgrimages might have been made in order to gain merit; but as he must long ago have risen above the flowery chains even of the Vedas, we cannot really tell for what reason these journeys were made. Although I have long had possession of these papers, the time had not until now seemed ripe to give them out. He had, when I first received them, already long passed away from these busy scenes to those far busier, and now I give you liberty to print the fragmentary tale without description of his person. These people are, you know, not disposed to have accurate descriptions of themselves floating about. They being real disciples, never like to say that they are, a manner quite contrary to that of those famed professors of occult science who opportunely or inopportunely declare their supposed chelaship from the house top.

" . . . Twice before have I seen these silent temples standing by the rolling flood of sacred Ganges. They have not changed, but in me what changes have occurred! And yet that cannot be, for the I changeth not, only the veil wrapped about, is either torn away or more closely and thickly folded round to the disguising of the reality. . . . It is now seven months since I began to use the privilege of listening to Kunâla. Each time before, that I came to see him, implacable fate drove me back. It was Karma, the just law, which compels when we would not, that prevented me. Had I faltered, and returned to the life even then so far in the past, my fate in this incarnation would have been sealed—and he would have said nothing. Why? Happy was I that I knew the silence would not have indicated in him any loss of interest in my welfare, but only that the same Karma prevented interference. Very soon after first seeing him I felt that he was not what he appeared exteriorly to be. Then the feeling grew into a belief, within a short time so strong, that four or five times I thought of throwing myself at

* This article is reprinted from *The Path.* The first installment appeared in June, 1886, with the following note:

"The original MS. of this Diary as far as it goes is in our possession. The few introductory lines are by the friend who communicated the matter to us.—[Ed.]."

his feet and begging him to reveal himself to me. But I thought that was useless, as I know I was quite impure and could not be trusted with that secret. If I remained silent I thought that he would confide it to me whenever he found me worthy of it. I thought he must be some great Hindu Adept who had assumed an illusionary form. But there this difficulty arose, for I knew that he received letters from various relatives in different parts of the world, and this would impel him to practise the illusion all over the globe, for some of these relatives were in other countries, where he had also been. Various explanations suggested themselves to me. . . . I was right in my original conception of Kunâla that he is some great Indian Adept. Of this subject I have constantly talked with him since—although I fear I am not, and perhaps shall not be in this life, worthy of their company. My inclination has always been in this direction. I always thought of retiring from this world and giving myself up to devotion. To Kunâla I often expressed my intention, and my desire that I might study this philosophy, which alone can make man happy in this world. But then he usually asked me what I would do *there* alone? He said that instead of gaining my object I might perhaps become insane by being left alone in the jungles with no one to guide me; that I was foolish to think that by going into the jungles I could fall in with an adept; and that if I really wanted to gain my object I should have to work in the reform in and through which I had met so many good men and himself also, and when the Higher Ones, whom I dare not mention by any other names, were satisfied with me they themselves would call me away from the busy world and teach me in private. And when I foolishly asked him many times to give me the names and addresses of some of those Higher Ones he said once to me: 'One of our Brothers has told me that as you seek me so ardently I had better tell you once for all that I have no right to give you any information about them, but if you go on asking Hindus you meet what they know about the matter, you might hear of them; and one of those Higher Ones may perhaps throw himself in your way without your knowing him, and will tell you what you should do.' These were orders, and I knew I must wait, and still I knew that through Kunâla only would I have my object fulfilled. . . .

"I then asked one or two of my own countrymen, and one of them said he had seen two or three such men, but that they were not quite what he thought to be 'Raj Yogs.' He also said he had heard of a man who had appeared several times in Benares, but that nobody knew where he lived. My disappointment grew more bitter, but I never lost the firm confidence that Adepts do live in India and can still be found among us. No doubt too there are a few in other countries, else why had Kunâla been to them? . . . In consequence of a letter from Vishnurama, who said that a certain X lived in Benares, and that Swamiji K knew him. However, for certain reasons I could not address Swamiji K directly, and when I asked him if *he* knew X he replied: 'If there be

such a man here at all he is not known.' Thus evasively on many occasions he answered me, and I saw that all my expectations in going to Benares were only airy castles. I thought I had gained only the consolation that I was doing a part of my duty. So I wrote again to Nilakant: 'As directed by you I have neither let him know what I know of him nor what my own intentions are. He seems to think that in this I am working to make money, and as yet I have kept him in the dark as regards myself, and am myself groping in the dark. Expecting enlightenment from you, etc." . . . The other day Nilakant came suddenly here and I met Sw. K. and him together, when to my surprise K at once mentioned X, saying he knew him well and that he often came to see him, and then he offered to take us there. But just as we were going, arrived at the place an English officer who had done Kunâla a service in some past time. He had in some way heard of X and was permitted to come. Such are the complications of Karma. It was absolutely necessary that he should go too, although no doubt his European education would never permit him to more than half accept the doctrine of Karma, so interwoven backward and forwards in our lives, both that now, those past, and those to come. At the interview with X, I could gain nothing, and so we came away. The next day came X to see us. He never speaks of himself, but as 'this body.' He told me that he had first been in the body of a Fakir, who, upon having his hand disabled by a shot he received while he passed the fortress of Bhurtpore, had to change his body and choose another, the one he was now in. A child of about seven years of age was dying at that time, and so, before the complete physical death, this Fakir had entered the body and afterwards used it as his own. He is, therefore, doubly not what he seems to be. As a Fakir he had studied Yoga science for 65 years, but that study having been arrested at the time he was disabled, leaving him unequal to the task he had to perform, he had to choose this other one. In his present body he is 53 years, and consequently the inner X is 118 years old. . . . In the night I heard him talking with Kunâla, and found that each had the same Guru, who himself is a very great Adept, whose age is 300 years, although in appearance he seems to be only 40.* He will in a few centuries enter the body of a *Kshatriya*,† and do some great deeds for India, but the time had not yet come.

"Yesterday I went with Kunâla to look at the vast and curious temples left here by our forefathers. Some are in ruins, and others only showing the waste of time. What a difference between my appreciation of these buildings now, with Kunâla to point out meanings I never saw, and that which I had when I saw them upon my first pilgrimage, made so many years ago with my father!" . . .

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* There is a peculiarity in this, that all accounts of Cagliostro, St. Germain and other adepts, give the apparent age at 40 only.—[Ed.].

† The warrior caste of India.—[Ed.].

A large portion of the MS. here, although written in the same characters as the rest, has evidently been altered in some way by the writer, so as to furnish clues meant for himself alone. It might be deciphered by a little effort, but I must respect his desire to keep those parts of it which are thus changed, inviolate. It seems that some matters are here jotted down relating to secret things, or at least, to things that he desired should not be understood at a glance. So I will write what small portion of it might be easily told without breaking any confidences.

It is apparent that he had often been before to the holy city of Benares, and had merely seen it as a place of pilgrimage for the religious. Then, in his sight, those famous temples were only temples. But now he found, under the instruction of Kunâla, that every really ancient building in the whole collection had been constructed with the view to putting into imperishable stone, the symbols of a very ancient religion. Kunâla, he says, told him that the temples were made when the ordinary people of those eras had no idea that nations could ever arise who would be ignorant of the truths then universally known, or that darkness would envelop the intellect of men. There were many Adepts then well known to the rulers and to the people, not yet driven by inexorable fate to places remote from civilization, but living in the temples; and while not holding temporal power, they exercised a moral sway which was far greater than any sovereignty of earth.* And they knew that the time would come when the heavy influence of the dark age would make men forget that they had existed, or that any doctrines other than the doctrines based on the material rights of *mine* and *thine,* had ever been held. If the teachings were left simply to paper or papyrus or parchment, they would be easily lost, because of that decay which is natural to vegetable or animal membrane. But stone lasts, in an easy climate, for ages. So these Adepts, some of them here and there being really Maha Rajahs, caused the temples to be built in forms, and with such symbolic ornaments that future races might decipher doctrines from them.

In this, great wisdom, he says, is apparent, for to have carved them with sentences in the prevailing language would have defeated the object, since languages also change; and as great a muddle would have resulted as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, unless a keystone had also been prepared; but it might itself be lost, or in its own turn become unintelligible. The ideas underneath symbols do not alter, no matter what might be the language, and symbols are clear immortally, because they are founded in nature itself. In respect to this part of the matter, he writes down that Kunâla informed him that the language

* In the ancient Aztec civilization in Mexico, the Sacerdotal order was very numerous. At the head of the whole establishment were two high priests, elected from the order, solely for their qualifications, as shown by their previous conduct in a subordinate station. They were equal in dignity and inferior only to the sovereign, who rarely acted without their advice in weighty matters of private concern.—[Ed.].

used then was not Sanskrit, but a far older one now altogether unknown in the world.

From a detached sentence in the MS., it is shadowed out that Kunâla referred to a curious building put up many years ago in another part of India and now visible, by which he illustrated the difference between an intelligent construction and unintelligent one. This building was the product of the brain of a Chandala,* who had been enriched through a curious freak. The Rajah had been told upon the occurrence of some event, by his astrologers, that he must give an immense sum of money to the first person he saw next day, they intending to present themselves at an early hour. Next day, unusually early, the Rajah arose, looked out of the window, and beheld this Chandala. Calling his astrologers and council together, and the poor sweeper into his presence, he presented him with lacs upon lacs of rupees, and with the money the Chandala constructed a granite building having immense monolithic chains hanging down from its four corners. Its only symbology was, the change of the chains of fate; from poor low caste to rich low caste. Without the story the building tells us nothing.

But the symbols of the temples, not only those carved on them, but also their arrangement, need no story nor knowledge of any historical events. Such is the substance of what he writes down as told him by Kunâla. He says also that this symbology extends not only to doctrines and cosmology, but also to laws of the human constitution, spiritual and material. The explanation of this portion, is contained in the altered and cryptic parts of the MS. He then goes on:

. . . "Yesterday, just after sunset, while Kunâla and X were talking, Kunâla suddenly seemed to go into an unusual condition, and about ten minutes afterwards a large quantity of malwa flowers fell upon us from the ceiling.

"I must now go to ——— and do that piece of business which he ordered done. My duty is clear enough, but how am I to know if I shall perform it properly. . . . When I was there and after I had finished my work and was preparing to return here, a wandering fakir met me and asked if he could find from me the proper road to Karli. I directed him, and he then put to me some questions that looked as if he knew what had been my business; he also had a very significant look upon his face, and several of his questions were apparently directed to getting me to tell him a few things Kunâla had told me just before leaving Benares with an injunction of secrecy. The questions did not on the face show that, but were in the nature of inquiries regarding such matters, that if I had not been careful, I would have violated the injunction. He then left me saying: 'you do not know me but we may see each other.' . . . I got back last night and saw only X, to whom I related the incident with the fakir, and he said that, 'it was none

* A low caste man, e. g., a sweeper. Such a building can now be seen at Bijapur, India.—[Ed.].

other than Kunâla himself, using that fakir's body, who said those things, and if you were to see that fakir again he would not remember you and would not be able to repeat his questions, as he was for the time being used by Kunâla, who often performs such things.' I then asked him if in that case Kunâla had really entered the fakir's body, as I have a strange reluctance toward asking Kunâla such questions, and X replied that if I meant to ask if he had really and in fact entered the fakir's person, the answer was no, but that if I meant to ask if Kunâla had overcome that fakir's senses, substituting his own, the answer was, yes; leaving me to make my own conclusions. . . . I was fortunate enough yesterday to be shown the process pursued in either entering an empty body, or in using one which had its own occupant. I found that in both cases it was the same, and the information was also conveyed that a Bhut* goes through just the same road in taking command of the body or senses of those unfortunate women of my country who sometimes are possessed by them. And the Bhut also sometimes gets into possession of a part only of the obsessed person's body, such as an arm or a hand, and this they do by influencing that part of the brain that has relation with that arm or hand; in the same way with the tongue and other organs of speech. With any person but Kunâla I would not have allowed my own body to be made use of for the experiment. But I felt perfectly safe, that he would not only let me in again, but also that he would not permit any stranger, man or gandharba,† to come in after him. We went to ——— and he . . . The feeling was that I had suddenly stepped out into freedom. He was beside me and at first I thought he had but begun. But he directed me to look, and there on the mat I saw my body, apparently unconscious. As I looked . . . the body of myself, opened its eyes and arose. It was then superior to me, for Kunâla's informing power moved and directed it. It seemed even to speak to me. Around it, attracted to it by those magnetic influences, wavered and moved astral shapes, that vainly tried to whisper in the ear or to enter by the same road. In vain! They seemed to be pressed away by the air or surroundings of Kunâla. Turning to look at him, and expecting to see him in a state of samadhi, he was smiling as if nothing, or at the very most, but a part, of his power had been taken away . . . another instant and I was again myself, the mat felt cool to my touch, the bhuts were gone, and Kunâla bade me rise.

"He has told me to go to the mountains of ——— where ——— and ——— usually live, and that even if I were not to see anybody the first time, the magnetized air in which they live would do me much good. They do not generally stop in one place, but move from one place to another. They, however, meet together on certain days of the year

* An obsessing astral shell. The Hindus consider them to be the reliquiæ of deceased persons.—[Ed.].

† Nature spirit or elemental.—[Ed.].

in a place near Bhadrinath, in the northern part of India. He reminded me that as India's sons are becoming more and more wicked, those adepts have gradually been retiring more and more toward the north, to the Himálaya mountains. . . . Of what great consequence it is for me to be always with Kunâla! And now X tells me this same thing that I have always felt. All along I have felt and do still feel strongly that I have been once his most obedient and humble disciple in a former existence. All my hopes and future plans are therefore centered in him. My journey therefore up country has done me one good, that of strengthening my belief, which is the chief foundation on which the grand structure is to be built. . . . As I was walking past the end of Ramalinga's compound holding a small lamp of European make, and while there was no wind, the light three several times fell low. I could not account for it. Both Kunâla and X were far away. But in another moment, the light suddenly went out altogether, and as I stopped, the voice of revered Kunâla, who I supposed was many miles away, spoke to me, and I found him standing there. For one hour we talked; and he gave me good advice, although I had not asked it—thus it is always that when I go fearlessly forward and ask for nothing I get help at an actual critical moment—he then blessed me and went away. Nor could I dare to look in what direction. In that conversation, I spoke of the light going down and wanted an explanation, but he said I had nothing to do with it. I then said I wanted to know, as I could explain it in two ways, viz.: 1st, that he did it himself, or 2d, that someone else did it for him. He replied, that even if it were done by somebody else, *no Yogee will do a thing unless he sees the desire in another Yogee's mind.** The significance of this drove out of my mind all wish to know *who* did it, whether himself, or an elemental or another person, for it is of more importance for me to know even a part of the laws governing such a thing, than it is to know who puts those laws into operation. Even some blind concatenation of nature might put such natural forces in effect in accordance with the same laws, so that a knowledge that nature did it would be no knowledge of any consequence.

"I have always felt and still feel strongly that I have already once studied this sacred philosophy with Kunâla, and that I must have been, in a previous life, his most obedient and humble disciple. This must have been a fact, or else how to account for the feelings created in me when I first met him, although no special or remarkable circumstances were connected with that event. All my hopes and plans are centered in him, and nothing in the world can shake my confidence

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* This sentence is of great importance. The Occidental mind delights much more in effects, personalities and authority, than in seeking for cause, just as many theosophists have with persistency sought to know when and where Madame Blavatsky performed some feat in magic, rather than in looking for causes or laws governing the production of phenomena. In this italicized sentence is the clue to many things, for those who can see.

in him especially when several of my Brahmin acquaintances tell me the same things without previous consultation. . . .

"I went to the great festival of Durga yesterday, and spent nearly the whole day looking in the vast crowd of men, women, children and mendicants for some of Kunâla's friends, for he once told me never to be sure that they were not near me, but I found none who seemed to answer my ideas. As I stood by the ghaut at the river-side thinking that perhaps I was left alone to try my patience, an old and apparently very decrepit Bairagee plucked my sleeve and said: 'Never expect to see anyone, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.'

"This amazed me, as I was expecting him to beg or to ask me for information. Before my wits returned, he had with a few steps mingled with a group of people, and in vain I searched for him: he had disappeared. But the lesson is not lost.

"To-morrow I return to I———.

"Very wearying indeed in a bodily sense was the work of last week and especially of last evening, and upon lying down on my mat last night after continuing work far into the night I quickly fell sound asleep. I had been sleeping an hour or two when with a start I awoke to find myself in perfect solitude and only the horrid howling of the jackals in the jungle to disturb me. The moon was brightly shining and I walked over to the window of this European modeled house, threw it open and looked out. Finding that sleep had departed, I began again on those palm leaves. Just after I had begun, a tap arrested my attention and I opened the door. Overjoyed was I then to see Kunâla standing there, once more unexpected.

" 'Put on your turban and come with me,' he said and turned away.

"Thrusting my feet into my sandals, and catching up my turban, I hurried after him, afraid that the master would get beyond me, and I remain unfortunate at losing some golden opportunity.

"He walked out into the jungle and turned into an unfrequented path. The jackals seemed to recede into the distance; now and then in the mango trees overhead, the flying foxes rustled here and there, while I could distinctly hear the singular creeping noise made by a startled snake as it drew itself hurriedly away over the leaves. Fear was not in my breast for master was in front. He at last came to a spot that seemed bare of trees, and bending down, seemed to press his hand into the grass. I then saw that a trap door or entrance to a stairway very curiously contrived, was there. Stairs went down into the earth. He went down and I could but follow. The door closed behind me, yet it was not dark. Plenty of light was there, but where it came from I cared not then nor can I now, tell. It reminded me of our old weird tales told us in youth of pilgrims going down to the land of the Devas where, although no sun was seen, there was plenty of light.

"At the bottom of the stairs was a passage. Here I saw people but they did not speak to me and appeared not even to see me although their eyes were directed at me. Kunâla said nothing but walked on to the end, where there was a room in which were many men looking as grand as he does, and two more awful, one of whom sat at the extreme end.

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(To be Continued)

In order to mould thee into entire conformity to His will, He must have thee pliable in His hands, and this pliability is more quickly reached by yielding in the little things than even by the greater. Thy one great desire is to follow Him fully; canst thou not say then a continual "yes" to all His sweet commands, whether small or great, and trust Him to lead thee by the shortest road to thy fullest blessedness?—H. W. Smith.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MY paternal grandfather was an Episcopal clergyman. His two sons were clergymen; his two daughters married clergymen. One Sunday morning, during service, at the moment when prayers had been offered, and while the congregation were still kneeling and the whole church wrapped in silence, my big brother, aged three, prayed in a high-pitched voice, and with great earnestness and child-like reverence to God please to send him a little baby sister. This happened one month before I was born. All this, in passing, in order to say, I had a good start.

Through the early years of our childhood we were taught the things Christian children ought to know and believe for their souls' health. We grew up in an atmosphere of love and discipline. We went to Church and to Sunday School. As memorizing was easy for me, I soon learned the Catechism and could quote at some length from the Bible. But I was frequently weighed down with a feeling of helplessness for I really did not understand a great deal of all I had learned by heart. However, I had the good grace to keep all this to myself; but I thought it was a pity. My father was wise and good and a real Christian.

At an early age, I was placed in charge of a Sunday School class. This I enjoyed, for in trying to make clear to others the things I understood so dimly, some rays of truth began to dawn upon me. I had a keen desire to be good; so I took myself in hand, and for several years kept a daily record of my faults and mistakes. Each night I balanced the account placing the number of misdeeds at the foot of the column. The figures were convincing and enabled me to strengthen my resolutions for the following day. My childish fancy led me to keep this book in code.

At fifteen came the breaking of home ties for I was sent to boarding-school near New Orleans for two years,—coming home only for the long summer vacation. Then, owing to my father's failing health it was deemed necessary that I should be nearer home; and so I found myself at school in New York City. That very year I was called to my father's death bed.

Again there was a change of scene. A new home, a new Church, new friends made up our experiences. The Rector of the Church which we attended was well versed in Church History. It was perhaps through no fault of his,—but I found myself cold and dry; and I missed my father's presence in the Church profoundly. I tried to pray and really made special efforts to get closer to the heart of things,—until one day

I overheard my brother remark that I was like a Pharisee, making such long prayers in Church. Little did he know that I was in greater need of his prayers during this period of my existence than I was when he prayed for me to come into this world.

Other influences being felt I became more and more estranged. I went to Church less frequently—often, however, entering Churches alone during hours of solitude. I attended the Quaker Meeting-house, for it seemed a relief to get away from form; and many times I took books into the quiet woods on Sunday mornings.

Then came College days and preparation for making my own living. And with it all, and through the study of Science, Psychology, and Philosophy, each of keen interest to me, came questions and doubts and the "Slough of Deep Despond." Through this period was the ever-recurring unanswered question as to whether the man who had said in his heart: "There is no God," was really a fool? There was a possibility that this man had said this with his head instead of his heart. And also, was it true that there is no such being in the universe as a real atheist? I wavered between these two ideas which seemed to haunt me. And it is not any fun playing "Seek the Thimble" when there is no one to call out: "Hot" or "Cold."

I read few books at this time. Emerson's Essays, the poems of Robert Browning and Sidney Lanier, Amiel's Journal and Nonsense Classics were almost my sole companions. How do I know that it was not a sense of humour that saved me from utter despair? Time and again it was borne in upon me that thousands of others had passed through similar experiences. I was only one of many struggling souls; and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Celestial Surgeon" did me good. I think I was just beginning to wake up.

It happened on a beautiful summer afternoon while driving with a friend that I was able to put into words,—just a few words, the best things I knew anything about and of these there were very few. My friend turned to me and said: "Do you know you have been speaking about Theosophy?" I didn't. In fact, I knew nothing about Theosophy. But, it seemed at the moment that this friend had placed in my hand a golden key. From then on I was made responsible for using that key. My friend lent me: "Through the Gates of Gold" and "Letters that Have Helped Me"; and it was not long before I met friends of his who were Theosophists. I shiver now, at the thought of so much goodness coming to me, because of my unworthiness.

These wonderful friends put a new purpose into my life, and the ideals I had always cherished, although seen, at times, through veil upon veil, seemed to glow with a pure white light.

Believing now that Stephen Phillips was not really thinking of me when he wrote: "This Woman with a Dead Soul," I threw myself, mind and heart into my work. This occupied all my time; and what little reading and studying I was able to do in relation to Theosophy,

was done at night, in my study, after the family had retired. There was another reason,—I read in secret, feeling that my dear mother would be deeply grieved if she knew of the course of reading in which I was so profoundly interested. I had a desire to buy and read every book ever written about Theosophy. Truth will out,—I soon found that in obedience to my mother's wish, which I was in duty bound to respect, and because of my love for her, these books must remain closed.

A friend renewed my courage in a short time by assuring me that the subject of Theosophy, being so all-inclusive, could be approached in other ways than by reading Theosophical books. "There is but one thing needful to possess God. All our senses, all our powers of mind and soul, are so many ways of approaching the Divine, so many ways of tasting and adoring God."

And then, why should I not join the Theosophical Society? It was my dream to do so; and I knew that ultimately I should become a member. And yet, I hesitated, for it did not seem right to try to attain membership in the Society, in my condition,—so wholly unprepared. There were those closed books. I was sure my dream would come true some day; and, no matter how far distant in the future that day might be, it was worth working and waiting for. The truth of the words: "Live the Life that ye may know the Doctrine," was a great comfort to me. But, think of having a casket filled with priceless, precious jewels, and being in possession of the key, and yet having to remain static, and just think about the beauty of those jewels! I do not remember feeling unduly impatient at this. Theosophy itself meant "Divine Wisdom"; and it was true then, as now: "There is no Religion higher than Truth." "Religion is not a method: it is a life—a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits; a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows."*

Soon after this I had the opportunity of going to England with a College friend accompanied by two Sisters of the Church of England. We spent four months there, principally in London and Broadstairs, where we were deeply interested in educational, settlement work as carried on by the Sisters; and in Oxford, where we took a six-weeks' course of study. I shall never forget the delight of those days in Oxford. To be able to study again in the light of the recent experiences through which I had passed seemed "too good to be true." My friend said to me: "You seem to be living in the Seventh Heaven all the time. Can't you let your feet touch the earth once in a while?" I do not mean to give the impression that my friend thought me angelic,—we were living and travelling together; nor that she considered me "flighty,"—we were studying side by side, such subjects as Science, History, Literature, Art. She did not know of my newly found treasure; nor that I was secretly accusing every great author, alive or dead, whose books I was consulting, of being a

* *Amiel's Journal*, Introduction, p. xli.

Theosophist. In my enthusiasm I may have widened somewhat the boundary of the poet's license; but I felt justified in doing so, for the truly great souls of all time have been Theosophists whether they were aware of the fact or not, and I found Theosophy everywhere—just as a lover sees the image of his beloved in the clouds, in pictures, and in the hearts of the flowers.

During our stay in England we went often into Churches and Cathedrals. For my part, I went more for the sake of the architectural and artistic interest in these edifices than from any strictly religious impulse to go to Church. I remember only one service in which I was conscious of a strong, spiritual appeal, and that was in the little Norman Chapel in the Tower of London. We went there not knowing the hour of the Sunday morning service. On account of the absence of the organist I was asked to play the hymns. In addition to my friend, the entire congregation was composed of English Soldiers. It took only a few moments for the soldiers to march in and take their places, and every seat was filled. It was a hearty service, beautiful in its simplicity, and the singing of the Soldiers was more impressive than I can describe. I have never forgotten it. The service combined a remembrance and a hope. It seemed to link the past with the future. Little did I realize that the dream of becoming a member of the Theosophical Society was also now being linked with a keen interest in the work of the Church. As I look back, the welding of these two ideals into one began there.

We returned home in the autumn full of new interests and suggestions to be carried out in our work. The notes I took at Oxford were copious, and it would require a life-time,—and longer, to exhaust them of their suggestions for reading and study.

So the years went by. I found my work absorbing. In fact, I made efforts to have it so, for during a period of about seven years I was held in the balance. I considered myself somewhat "beyond the pale" in regard to the Church; and, on the other hand, I was a would-be Theosophist—'biding my time.

After my marriage, New York City became our home. Again and again Theosophy was put to the test and not found wanting, during these new and wonderful days of happiness,—just as long ago, tests were applied which proved the value of Theosophy in those dark days of sorrow.

It is not often that one may feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude toward an Irish cook. Such was my rather unique experience. One very cold afternoon in February—in fact it was St. Valentine's Day—we returned to our home tired and hungry to find that the Irish cook had made her departure. There was no apparent reason for this. She had just left. There was the unmistakable evidence in the form of the latch key on the kitchen table. Nothing daunted, we went out into the cold night seeking food. We went to a hotel, the usher taking us straight to a table at which my friend was sitting,—the friend who had been of

such inestimable service to me so many times in the past. After dining together, he kindly invited us to go to a meeting which was being held that evening in the neighborhood. We went; and went again. To me, these meetings, which took place every two weeks, were of profound interest. And why not? They were the meetings of the New York Branch of the Theosophical Society. At last I began to feel I was almost arriving.

I became a subscriber to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. What the QUARTERLY has meant to me, personally, may best be summed up by saying that it has contained a cure for every ill; an answer to every question; and above all, and always, an inspiration to live more truly the life of the Spirit.

I attended the meetings of the New York Branch for about seven years,—until, by mere chance, finding out that my mother had for a long time thought I was a member of the Theosophical Society, I lost no time in becoming one, applying for membership papers the very next day. My Diploma was issued by the Society in the fourth month of its thirty-seventh year, and bears the date March 16, 1912. I was then thirty-eight years and one day old.

And now, to sum up: Why did I join the Theosophical Society? If the answer to this question is not found in these few paragraphs, perhaps I may be permitted to emphasize the points I have tried to make by a series of questions,—ending the article with a quotation from Robert Browning's *Paracelsus*.

Why was I born? Why does it sometimes take thirty-eight years and a day for a dream to come true? "Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?" What is the meaning of Karma? "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" What light does Christianity throw upon the laws of Evolution and Reincarnation and their inter-relations?

And here, to quote from *Paracelsus:*

> "Friends,
> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost centre in us all,
> Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the grass flesh hems it in,
> This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
> A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
> Binds it, and makes all error: and, to know,
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without.

* * * * * * *

In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him."

L. C.

What you need to do is to put your will over completely into the hands of your Lord, surrendering to Him the entire control of it. Say, "Yes, Lord, YES*!" to everything, and trust Him so to work in you to will, as to bring your whole wishes and affections into conformity with His own sweet, and lovable, and most lovely will. It is wonderful what miracles God works in wills that are utterly surrendered to Him.*—Hannah Whitall Smith.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THERE still are many who have failed to grasp the principle which shows how foolish and untheosophical is the doctrine of 'pacificism,' and as the same principle, once clearly grasped, solves also the problem of education, I suggest it would be well to thrash the subject out for the *Screen*. Are you willing?"

The Recorder replied most cheerfully in the affirmative, stipulating of course that the Philosopher, who had spoken, should open the discussion by expounding his principle.

"It ought not to need much expounding," the Philosopher continued. "It is contained in an oft-quoted text from the Sermon on the Mount: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.'

"Perhaps it is easiest to see in the case of a child. We have some recollection of how we were brought up, and we have come to realize that when our parents denied us our desires, it was in fact an evidence of parental consideration and not the unreasonable and unkind prohibition which at the time perhaps it seemed to be. Probably there were other occasions, when we were allowed to have our own way, which now, in retrospect, we wish our parents had met differently—with prohibition or compulsion, if not with punishment.

"In our present treatment of children, we act, almost automatically, with the memory of our own childhood in mind. We try to treat them as we wish we had been treated. No matter what allowance we may make, and may wisely make, for difference in temperament, we do, as a rule, strive very sincerely to do to them as we wish we had been done by.

"Only when this principle is acted upon is the child properly brought up. Parents who have not learned the lessons of life and who continue to indulge themselves, are likely to oscillate between the two bad extremes of indulging their children and of indulging themselves at the expense of their children: unlimited candy one minute and unlimited smacks the next. Their conduct is not based upon principle, but upon the indulgence of their own passing emotions. They ruin their children as they have already ruined themselves. We cannot discipline others until we have learned to obey."

"All of which," interrupted the Student, "may be very clear to you, but perhaps is not so clear to others. Let me be concrete: do you wish that you had oftener been whipped?"

"It so happens," answered the Philosopher, "that I do not remember having been whipped. I was kicked and cuffed by ill-tempered teachers. But my parents did not whip me. There were times when I deserved it and would have been a better man in later years, if it had been done. I

wish very much that my father had done it. Still, that it needed to be done, simply proves, in my opinion, that I had not been punished sufficiently as a small baby. Careful watching and prompt punishment then—plentiful spanking then—would have made later whippings unnecessary. When a child is still in the cradle, and before memory has become self-conscious, is the right time or in any case the best time for corporal punishment.

"That, however, is a side issue. My point is that we have to learn to co-operate with the soul of the child; we have to see the effort of that soul as it strives to make the child's personality an obedient and responsive instrument. The child's personality will not need development along lines of least resistance. Strong tendencies, even when good, will not need encouragement half as much as other and weaker tendencies. Even on the intellectual plane, if a child have a remarkable memory and but slight power of reasoning, it will not be his memory that most needs cultivation, but his power of reasoning. Yet we know that the average child greatly prefers to use that which requires the least degree of effort, —in this case his memory; and that he will, for instance, as he grows older, wish to memorize his Euclid rather than master it on a basis of reason.

"The same principle applied to the cultivation of character, which is the goal of all true education, means that very often the child's will must be checked or flatly crossed. How else can he be prepared for the battle of life? If he has been taught to prefer the easy to the difficult, and to follow his own inclination rather than to obey the will of his teacher, how can he, as a man, be expected to obey the call of duty or the promptings of his soul, or even to distinguish between those promptings and the tendencies of his lower nature? 'There is no pain in death itself, if death be the outcome of obedience.' Self-assertion, self-satisfaction, self-love, self-will,—these must be opposed at every point, tactfully but firmly, for the sake of the soul and on its behalf. Would we wish to be treated differently? Have we not yet learned that the lower self is Hell?

"Of course, if what we still desire most for ourselves be our own way and our own comfort, regardless of the will of Masters and of our own Higher Self, we shall find it impossible to apply this principle except perversely. Take, for instance, a conscientious Socialist of one or another school: let us suppose that he is of independent means and that he proceeds solely on the principle of doing unto others as he would be done by. Socialism has been defined as an effort so to control the sources of supply as to enable the individual to obtain the greatest possible degree of comfort with the least possible amount of effort. Not only is poverty to be abolished, but all effort, unless put forth for enjoyment, is to become unnecessary. Is it not obvious that anyone who takes that as his goal for others must regard poverty as an evil and as a great evil; that he must fear it for himself, and that a life of comparative ease is

at least a very important factor in his concept of happiness? We cannot, therefore, apply the principle correctly until we recognize, if only in theory to begin with, that the soul comes first and that the desires of the personality should be subordinated to the soul's behests.

"Perhaps this will make it plainer: suppose you were informed by an adept or an angel that tomorrow, in some violent fit of anger, you would murder an innocent person, and that, owing to your anger, the entire will and desire of your personality would be concentrated on that wish to kill. Suppose you were told that you could be saved from that sin only at the price of being shot by a policeman, and that you might choose now between these two fates. Which would you choose? The answer is evident. Looking at it today, with calmness, and from the standpoint of your soul, you would without question prefer to be shot rather than be guilty of murder.

"Now suppose that the policeman, or the disinterested bystander with a gun in his hand, should have sentimental qualms and should fail to shoot you because he objects to killing or because he says it is none of his business or because he has not had time to investigate the origin of the disturbance or because, with Pilate, he was born with a question mark in his teeth and a preference for neutrality in the void where his heart ought to be. Suppose some of that, and what would your soul do except cry aloud, if it could, to shoot, and to shoot quickly, surely, finally! In other words, the policeman, by shooting you, would be doing your own real will. It would be kind of him to shoot; unkind not to shoot. Being, let us hope, a man and not a mollusc, he would promptly see that in order to obey 'the law and the prophets,' and in order to do to you as he would be done by in similar circumstances, he must, at all costs to himself, put your soul out of its agony by extinguishing your personality.

"All of this is based on the supposition that you are too strong to be suppressed otherwise and that he could save you from committing murder by no milder means than by killing you. Remember also, please, that if he were to hesitate, or were to rely first upon soft and cooing words, or upon grandiloquent phrases about the beauties of peace, the probability is that he would be too late. We cannot proceed on the theory that all men at all times are open to reason or to the light of their own souls. We know that the contrary is the fact, and that we must use such means as the circumstances and the condition of the other person demand.

"Transfer this to the domain of international relations. Does not 'pacificism' at once appear as the absurdity which it is? Do *we* wish to be permitted to do wrong without suffering the consequences? Is it our wish for our own nation that if it were guilty of such murder and outrage as we have seen perpetrated recently in Belgium and in parts of France, other great nations should stand aloof, indifferent?

"Let me be specific. Suppose that while Alaska still belonged to

Russia, the United States for some reason had gone to war with Russia, and that, in order to strike at Russian Alaska with greater ease, we had insisted upon passing through Canada. Suppose that Canada had objected and that the Canadians had resisted. Suppose that we had proceeded to murder and to outrage the women and children of Canada, to burn her cities, to devastate her countryside, to imprison her magistrates, and to behave in all other ways like devils let loose upon earth. Suppose that the British Government had consisted of 'pacifists'; and suppose that they had not gone so far, after several months of these horrors, and after the hideousness of them had been juridically established (as in Lord Bryce's Report),—suppose they had not gone so far as to write to the Government of the United States, saying: 'Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the United States Government in matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas [we must imagine that a Lusitania incident or two had been thrown in]; having learned to recognize American views and American influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity,' etc., etc.—but suppose that the British pacifist Government *had* announced that they were too proud to fight, would it, let me ask you, have been good for us? Would such an attitude have promoted our best interests? Would it have made for the eternal welfare of this nation? Would it have been Christian, considerate, kind? We can see quite clearly that such an attitude would not only have been cowardly and contemptible, but that it would, in its encouragement of our wrong-doing, have been disastrous in its consequences. Our personalities might have been pleased and flattered, though in our heart of hearts even we should have despised such weakness (as the Germans today despise and rightly despise our weakness); but in our souls we should have agonized, because our souls would have longed and prayed for the immediate and dire punishment of our personalities, and, asking for bread, would have been given a stone."

"What was that imaginary quotation about our 'humane and enlightened attitude'?" asked the Visitor. "It sounded familiar."

"It ought to be," replied the Philosopher. "It ought to be impressed indelibly upon the heart and conscience of every American. It is a literal paraphrase of this Government's first Lusitania note, making us appear as approving the treatment of Belgium. It would take rivers of blood to wipe out that disgrace."

"Perhaps," said the Historian, "it would help to make your main point still clearer if we were to ask ourselves what we should desire for Germany at the present time, if our sole concern were to benefit her.

"Would it benefit her to be victorious in this war, and for her armies once more to march through Paris in triumphal procession? Would that be good for Germany's soul?

"Not long ago one of our illustrated papers reproduced a sketch, by a clever German artist, of one of the most prominent Germans now in this

country. It was an illuminating face,—handsome, immensely able, with absolutely cold and soulless eyes, ruthless, unscrupulous, self-controlled, calculating, with a veneer of great gentility: a murderer of his own soul.

"In appearance he is a remarkably refined embodiment of the spirit of his people as it has been revealed in this war,—not, as Germans often allege, because of English lies, but as revealed in their own state papers and particularly in official communications addressed to other governments. That spirit shows a brutal egotism, a self-assertion almost without parallel in history, and a complete lack of honour. It is the spirit of the Black Lodge, and if ever a nation were driven by devils, Germany now is. It sold itself to them, hoping to use their power for its own aggrandizement. In the nature of things, they now control it.

"As a people, they are utterly bewildered by the accusations brought against them, just as a man, devoid of any sense of honour, is bewildered when called dishonorable. Their hopeless inability to recognize their own condition, or to see their crimes as crimes, is perhaps the most significant feature of their obsession.

"Relying upon their own supposed superiority—vanity having deafened them to all criticism—what they most obviously need for their souls' salvation is to be hammered to the earth. If they were my own children, and I were unable to do it myself, I should pray that they might be thrashed within an inch of their lives; humiliated until the shame of it would make them long for death. In no other way can they be brought to repentance.

"Once they were to repent and were to repent truly of their abominable treachery and wickedness; once they were to prove their penitence by acts of restitution undertaken voluntarily in addition to such punishment as may be imposed upon them,—then it would be a joy to forgive them and to take them back once more into the family of nations. But until they do that, the more ardent anyone's love of them may be, the more passionately he should pray for their annihilating defeat. Not to hate their unspeakable misconduct is to prove oneself either entirely ignorant of the facts (as many Germans still are), or as morally dead, or as psychically entranced by an idea such as that Hell is peace or, among Germans, that Germany necessarily is perfect."

"It works out whichever way you look at it," commented one of the Ancients. "If you ask yourself what you would wish for England, granting love for England, the answer is, I think, that she also needed and perhaps still needs humiliation, though not to anything like the same extent. Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty is reported to have said not long ago: 'England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her.' She was self-satisfied, lazy, easy-going, unwilling to sacrifice her comfort; selfish, not in an aggressive sense, but as one who thinks first of his own arm-chair and slippers, and who regards it as an outrage if, after a certain hour in the evening, he should be called upon to leave

either. England was fatuously contented with her fleet, and with the idea of her own impregnability. 'Time enough' had been her motto for years. When the need actually came, she would show people what she could do! Her selfishness had affected all classes, though the aristocracy of the country, supposed to be effete, did infinitely better than the Trade-Unionized working class, when the crisis finally came.

"And England has been humiliated. Her armies have been conspicuously ineffective, in spite of much individual bravery. Her fleet, while it has preserved American commerce, has not been able to prevent immense damage to British over-seas trade. Her mechanism of war is still so heavy and clumsy that she requires nearly twice as many men as France requires to hold each mile of her entrenched front. Her political bickerings and her strikes have been a disgrace. If there be self-satisfaction left in her, there is no longer any excuse for it; and I do devoutly hope that the time is rapidly approaching when, consistently with her soul's salvation, she can safely be allowed to give effective support to France."

"How about France?" suggested the Visitor. "If, as you said, it works out whichever way you look at it, and if Germany, for her soul's salvation, needs to be crushed, and England, for her's, needs to be shaken out of her self-satisfaction, it would seem to follow that France not only will have to win but should do the lion's share of the winning. Would that be in line with her real need? Was not she also self-satisfied?"

"She was not," answered the Ancient. "Her fault was self-distrust. She had lost faith in herself, in her mission, in her ability to achieve the impossible. Many of her children had grown cynical as against themselves. And this fundamental fault involved another: loss of faith in God. See what the war has already done for her! See how it has restored her faith, both in God and in herself! Her children have shown themselves capable of any sacrifice, and she knows it. They have risen to heights of self-abandonment which for all ages will be an example to other nations; and France, in the midst of her agony, knows it and is glad. She needs victory. It was shown once and for ever that there can be no Resurrection except at the price of Crucifixion. She is being crucified, and she accepts it heroically, gratefully. It will be shown in her, pray Heaven, that such self-abandonment can have but one result: an Easter of joyous, humble and complete triumph."

"How about America?" asked the Visitor. "What is her need?"

"Perhaps to be licked by Villa," answered the Student.

"Perhaps to be licked by the Japs," added the Ancient.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Is it so difficult to see? Have not hundreds of clear-sighted Americans said of this country what Sir David Beatty said of England,—that America still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her?

Talk about self-satisfaction and complacency! Why, England's were not a patch on the vast expanse of ours! No English statesman, with a political following, ever talked about a million armed Englishmen leaping to their feet in time of need. He knew they would have to be bombed to their feet, which is just what happened. But we learn nothing when, as at this moment, it is proving almost impossible, out of a population of one hundred millions, to enlist twenty thousand volunteers. England never flattered herself that she was an example to the world. She knew that she was nothing of the kind. But every man and woman in this country, so far as our Public School system could reach them, was brought up in the might of that illusion. As a nation we are like an over-grown gawk, with many amiable qualities, imagining himself to be a model of all manly virtues, and so hyper-sensitive that if anyone suggests his collar does not fit him, regarding it as a deadly insult or as proof of unpardonable ignorance of collars in general and in particular. My friend, if we were not so bulky, we should be regarded, internationally, as a joke. But if what I have said were included in the *Screen,* it would make nearly all American readers furious, and so far as I can see would do no good, because only Villa or the Japs can really teach us sense."

"I shall risk it," laughed the Recorder.

An English member, at this point, asked permission to change the subject.

"The war," he said, "is doing so much for so many people that, in the great mass of inspiration and improvement, and by the consequent oversight of details, we run the risk of getting only a vague and transitory impression. May I therefore speak of one particular instance, that of M. Georges Clemenceau, formerly Prime Minister of France? He made a wonderful speech not long ago, when receiving the British and Irish members of Parliament who visited Paris as delegates to the Interparliamentary Commission. His speech cannot fail to interest students of Theosophy. M. Clemenceau, as far as I am aware, would not be regarded as a religious man, or as a mystic. But he felt what he was saying so deeply; the occasion so truly inspired him, that he was lifted to the plane of his own soul and spoke of himself as an immortal being with an age-long past—as having waited for a thousand years for this glad day of reconciliation and of union. More than that, he spoke of Joan of Arc as one who knows her. It is all the more welcome and remarkable because M. Clemenceau, whose force and courage have always compelled admiration, never knew how to surrender himself to a cause. Not even at his best did he know how to co-operate with others. He was too self-assertive. If he could not dominate others, he resigned, and then threw himself into the task of destroying his successor. He was fearless, patriotic, tireless, immensely able; but he had that serious defect. Recently, and even since the war, it has seemed at times as if he had degenerated into an old scold,—against the Government because

he was not the Government. He was handled with admirable patience. But so great a man ought to have handled others with patience: he ought not to have needed handling by anyone. It made me sorry and almost bitterly impatient with him. I was all the more glad, therefore, when I read this speech. I have made a rough translation of parts of it. May I quote him?

" 'Gentlemen,' he said,—'Welcome, and allow one who owes to his advanced age the honour of addressing you in the name of his colleagues of the French Parliamentary Committee, to say to you that, in the darkest hours of the past, he never despaired of an entente which seemed to him inevitable, but which he never hoped to see realized.

" 'Yes, gentlemen, I have been waiting for you for endless centuries; and historians—strangers too often to the deepest passions, to love and hate, which inspire the nations—will be astonished perhaps that we needed, we two, so long a period of time to bridge so narrow a stretch of sea, which many warlike adventures had seemed to turn into an insurmountable barrier, but which we, for our part, wish to regard only as a great path-way open to all those who are able to understand and to practise the true international fraternity of the future, founded upon the recognition of the equal right of all and upon cheerful respect for the right of each.

" 'Yes, yes,—I have been waiting for you since Hastings, since the days of the Black Prince. You see I am not a man who grows weary. I have waited for you and you have come, and now you are here in our midst, representatives of the English people, spontaneously assembled, not to conclude one of those political agreements such as our governments might enter into, any more than to arrive at military decisions which necessarily are outside our jurisdiction.

" 'Your visit is, as it were, the hoped-for fruit of all these tasks. We meet together that we may see one another, understand one another, and find at last that we are capable of loving one another. The times demand action; and civilians and military, on both sides of the Straits, alike are in action. And they will continue in action until they can gain their end. To the end! you understand. With the authority which is his right, Lord Desart yesterday said that definite thing. It is deliberate, it is willed, and we are pledged to it. We are giving our children, we shall give our possessions—all, all; and the marvellous Cause of the independence of races and of the dignity of man, carries in itself so great a reward, that, in spite of the most dreadful sacrifices, we shall never complain that it was necessary to give too much.

" 'And that is the explanation of why you have crossed the sea to join hands with us.

" '. . . It is true that it is to war we owe the miracle of our union, so real a union that it can never be broken except as a catastrophe to civilization itself. We did not want war, neither English nor French wanted it; but we want it now, both of us, and we want it intensely and

shall continue to want it until final and unqualified victory repays us and repays our generous sons for the oceans of blood with which this country has been deluged.

"'. . . In the narrow passages of their trenches, I have seen your seasoned troops, imperturbable, dryly humorous, placidly awaiting the onslaught of the enemy. I do sincerely hope that you will return the visit. Go and see our "poilus": go, I beg of you. What comfort you will find in the simplicity of their smile! They will speak to you of their "boches,"—inexhaustible subject of military gaiety. You must see them laugh at their wounds: must see them fall with, "I am content," on their lips. Believe me, your mission would not be complete if you were not able to take away with you, to those, no matter where, who may still be hesitating, some glimpse of a vision the splendour of which nothing could possibly surpass. Then you will be able to say to England: "We have seen it."

"'Then, on your return from our trenches, you will once more pass through our public squares, where, as in your own, great bronzes record a history which we wish still further to ennoble, but not one detail of which either you or we would wish to disavow. And then, pause for one moment at the foot of the monument, all of gold, where, on her horse of gold, the little peasant of France goes forth to war—that little peasant of France who was, no one knows how, all to herself, an army—nay, all the armies of France in one. Speak to her, oh friends of today and for ever if we prove worthy of our destiny! *Speak to her!* She will hear you, and, reversing the legend of the man of stone, she will bow her head in token of uttermost reconciliation. In that hour your noble pilgrimage will truly be accomplished, and you will have obtained from all of us that which you came to find.

"'. . . I have said enough of the feeling with which your visit will be returned. At Fontenoy our fathers said to yours: "Messieurs les Anglais, fire first." On this occasion, you came first with hands outstretched. Messieurs les Anglais, it will not be forgotten.'"

"M. Clemenceau himself would probably say that, in referring to his own past, he was using poetic licence, or that he was momentarily identifying himself with his race for oratorical purposes. I should dislike to think that he spoke more wisely than he knew, though it is something which the best and wisest often do. Perhaps he would say the same thing of his reference to Joan of Arc,—that that also was mere rhetoric. But it was in fact far more than that. It was the inspired recognition of a truth eternal in the heavens. She does hear. She does answer. Otherwise what a mockery life would be! She knows Georges Clemenceau. She has often prayed for him. She has tried to reach his inner ear, to inspire, to encourage, to warn, to check. As a rule he has been too busy with himself and his own thoughts to listen; but there have been other times when he has heard and when he has followed her wise counsel, often thinking it his own. Loving France as she does

—her soul in some sense the very soul of France—the wounds of France piercing her heart so deeply—is it not inevitable that she should watch over a man who, with all his faults, has an ideal of patriotism so closely resembling her own? The soul of Joan of Arc counts him as one of her friends: of that we may be certain, and so might he be if he would care to listen, even now, at least in this his day. I suspect he knew her as Joan, centuries ago. Not that I have the faintest glimmer of an idea who he was! Perhaps a Bishop, too narrow-minded: for it would be like the cynicism of Fate to have made him an associate of Combes—reaction from his own past the directly governing cause. Extremes very often result in opposite extremes. A woman, now the pink of prudery, may easily have been a far too promiscuous flirt in a previous life. Yes, I think we shall have to locate M. Clemenceau as the excarnation of a self-willed, dictatorial, narrow-minded but genuinely patriotic Bishop, whose support of Joan, so truly a messenger from Heaven, perhaps saved his soul and came through into this life as the truest devotion of his heart. In any case, so far as my experience goes, we usually were the person we should most hate to have been!"

"Well," said the Student, "I do not blame him and the others for their opposition to Roman influence in France. They were both foolish and cruel in their expression of it. They made real martyrs—always an unwise as well as unkind thing to do. But if the Church in France were a French Church, instead of what it used to be, a government within a government, I believe you would find such men as Clemenceau among its most ardent and faithful adherents."

"I agree with you," broke in the Gael at this point; "but there is one other aspect of this whole question which I should greatly like to emphasize. . . . You have spoken of the agony of souls. You have pointed out, though indirectly, that personal crucifixion, which should lead to eternal life, is one thing; and that the crucifixion of the soul, through the sins of the personality, is quite another thing. But you have not spoken of the crucifixion of God.

"I use that word in a Christian sense. But you can replace it, if you choose: the Supreme Self, or the Logos, or the Masters who embody the Logos in life,—any one of these will carry us far enough. And then, how about the outrages committed against them! Outrages almost beyond belief have been committed against humanity; but are not these crimes merely one aspect of the total crime committed? What unthinkable grief for those who have given all, even Paradise, to bring the race to an understanding of truth and justice and honour, to an appreciation of love and beauty and goodness, to have been compelled to cast out devils into swine, foreknowing that these purgations of Hell, instead of running violently down a steep place into the sea, would hurl themselves with fire and sword and monstrous obscenities upon an innocent people, and upon all women and children and defenceless creatures in their path. What woe unimaginable! Sin upon sin and crime added to

crime! And yet it had to be permitted. Men cannot be deprived of their own free will. If they adopt the code of devils, they invite their own obsession. And the Black Lodge, unseen, unrecognized, is far more dangerous in fact than when the whole world turns in horror from the monsters it extrudes. We have at last been compelled to see evil as evil. The disguise, the trappings, the glamour have been thrown aside, and evil stands forth as vile, as hideous, as revolting. That much the White Lodge has already gained. Surely we shall live to see that sin destroys itself. But meanwhile, as I said before, what agony for those whose love, seeing all suffering and each detail of every sin, feels the crucifixion of persons and the crucifixion of souls as its own, intensified a million-fold, not merely because love identifies itself with each ache and heart-throb of those to whom it is given, but because it looks up as well as down and sees above itself, in ever-ascending degree, the infinite grief of the Love of God.

T.

P. S.—This postscript ought to have a separate title. It should be called *Messages from Heaven.* Its purpose is to call attention to the second volume of *Fragments,* by "Cavé," which our Book Department announces will be ready for distribution on April 15th, in ample time for Easter. So many of us will be glad to give it—and to receive it too! —as an expression of Easter greetings. "Christ is risen," exclaim the Russians, as they embrace one another on what is for them the happiest day of the year. And we, students of Theosophy, who recognize in the life of a Master an immediate and personal significance which escapes the narrower view of theologians,—we, surely, should find a deeper joy (as we find deeper meanings) in the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

Much of that deeper joy and many of those deeper meanings are to be found in this second volume of *Fragments.* If we have ears to hear we shall find proof positive that Christ is risen indeed. More than that, we shall find that others have risen with him, and that we too may rise to eternal life and to eternal consciousness from the tomb of the personal self.

"Messages from Heaven": what else can these *Fragments* be called Read this, for instance, as word sent by one who has attained, to one whose fight is still against the devils in himself:

"You cannot enter into communion with me without suffering, for my life is a life of suffering; nor can you otherwise know its transcendent joys, for joy is its fruit. To go *half-way* is misery; but *all* the way is heaven."

Or this, as the testimony of a student whose devotion has resulted in knowledge:

"The Path to the Masters is the path of *likeness;* there is no other

way to go. Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' He spoke then as the Christ. Only as we conform ourselves to the Master's image can we come to know him —for by what sign or means shall we know that which is beyond the reaches of our consciousness? If he seems abstract, vague, is it not that he inhabits another world, utterly different and removed from our own? But so, mark you, only because of our limitations. For in reality he lives in the *same* world, sees the same sky and the same fields and flowers, only it is so much vaster and more luminous! As the stones and plants and animals live also in our world, each in their place and degree, but without sharing our consciousness; so we also in the Master's world see and yet not see, touch and yet never feel.

"When we awake sufficiently to realize with St. Augustine that we are 'afar off in a cloud of unlikeness,' then we perceive the lack, the deficiency in ourselves; then we turn our faces toward him, and our hearts; then we have entered on the path; then, as we conform our minds, our acts to his, seeking to follow as he bids us follow, we learn to catch the flutter of his garment as he makes the turn before us; we see the fresh foot-prints in the path ahead, and tones of his voice are blown back to us, growing clearer as the distance lessens.

"Seeking, seeking; conforming without lessening zeal—so eager is the search—we grow into that marvellous consciousness, partake of some small corner of it, and there know face to face communion with him, growing deeper, stronger, fuller day by day, as love and faith and obedience draw us closer to his heart, until at last no friend is so near as that friend, no communion so complete, no realization so vivid and so constant.

"But the path is the path of *likeness,* for which we must strive with virile power. Only in unlikeness can we be afar off from a love so perfect as his."

But the book is a gold-mine of theosophic, occult and mystic truths. We have quoted only to stimulate desire for more. As said already, it is to be published on April 15th. The binding is the same as that of the first volume. The price also is the same,—sixty cents postage prepaid.

T.

A holy man, nearly a year before the war, is reported to have said:

"The world has become profoundly corrupt. There will surely come some great scourge. It will be necessary to have a generation brought up by mourning mothers, and in a discipline of tears."—The Messenger.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

X.

The Masters

THE very rough sketch of the evolutionary process outlined in the last article is woefully incomplete without including the vital and essential part which the Masters play; and yet one stands appalled at the mere idea of attempting to put into words what the New Testament describes in part. Perhaps the best thing to do is to set down quite simply, in a series of dogmatic statements the essence of what one knows or understands about this vast subject.

The first thing that has to be kept in mind is the hierarchical principle in the universe. The universe is one; it is a uni-verse, not a duo-verse, or a multi-verse. Every soul is a part of the Oversoul, a spark of Divinity, a ray from the spiritual center of things; but they are not all equal. Some are nearer and some are farther away from the innermost heart of the universe, and they rank, as souls, according to their distance away, according to their position along the evolutionary stream.

In the *Secret Doctrine* there is a beautiful phrase, "Time lay asleep in the bosom of infinite duration"; but it does not always lie asleep. When the hour strikes and a Great Day of Brahma dawns, every 311,040,000,000,000 years or so, there issues forth from the Absolute a whole universe, which gradually unrolls in manifestation. The early stages of this vast unfoldment do not concern us. Suffice it to say that in due time, the process reaches the point where solar systems, and then earths are born, and again, in due time, in stretches of time which dwarf our geological periods into insignificance, these earths are prepared for human evolution, and mankind appears. The picture I wish to present is that this process, taking thousands of millions of years, is a succession of steps or stages, and that every step or stage has its appropriate form of life. Most of these are so inconceivably remote from man that the wildest stretches of our imagination does not give us even a glimmer of their nature and functions. We only know, from analogy, that such beings must exist.

It is not until we reach the world itself that the human mind can begin, vaguely, to concern itself with the higher forms of spiritual life, and to hope to begin to understand a little about them. In order to sug-

gest something of the nature and functions of these spiritual beings that are beginning to come within the range of our understanding, I am going to try to build up our concept from below. Every atom in the universe is composed of substance and consciousness, or matter and spirit. The quality of the consciousness is determined by its vehicle or body; as vehicles for consciousness become more complete, the character of the consciousness ensouling these vehicles, becomes more complete; or we can use the term "higher" and say that the higher the type of body, the higher the type of consciousness inhabiting that body.

The consciousness of a cell is a synthesis of the consciousness of the atoms composing that cell; the consciousness of an organ in the body, is the synthesis of the consciousness of the cells composing the organ. The body itself has a consciousness, as a whole, which is the synthesis of the organs and parts composing it. It gets hungry and thirsty, or feverish, or tired, or cold. We Western peoples say, *"We* are hungry, or cold," but the Easterner says much more truly, "my body is hungry," or "my body is cold."

Carrying forward this idea that a higher type is the synthesis of many of a lower type, and associating it with what has already been said about great spiritual beings, we reach the logical conclusion that there must be entities, or centers of life and consciousness which are the synthesis of groups of human beings. That is one way of explaining what a *Master* is. All the souls in the world are "on the ray" of a Master, belong to him, are a part of him. There is no escape from this, for it is the way the universe manifests. Everything above is a synthesis of things below. A Master is the synthesis of the souls of men. He is a man made perfect, for he came up, or evolved, through the human stage, but in the process he became more than man, for, as he reached that stage of progress, he automatically took upon himself the characteristics of that stage; he became a link—in a new place—in the uninterrupted stream leading from the Absolute and running down to the smallest unit of manifestation, which we call the atom.

It does not follow, of course, that all Masters are products of this cycle of evolution. On the contrary we are given to believe that many, if not all of the greatest Masters, became such in previous cycles, but "came back" in this one in order to help forward human evolution.

The *Secret Doctrine* teaches that there is a Planetary spirit who looks after, guides and directs evolution on the Earth, and who is the synthesis of the Earth and all that it contains, of life and consciousness. Our minds cannot even speculate to advantage about this Being, who is too inconceivably far removed from our range of perception to make speculation worth while. It has been said of him that he could wipe every trace of evil out of the world as easily as a boy wipes a pencil mark off his slate. He does not do it because it would interfere with free will. His point of direct contact with the world is a being known as the Silent Watcher, the ranking member of the Great White Lodge. Next below

are two beings whose names are not given us. Below them again are the four Maha-chohans of the North, East, South and West, the Regents, as they are sometimes called, who preside over the destinies of mankind. These great beings are the Masters of the Masters, and, so far as I know, they are the highest with whom it is possible for a human being to have intercourse. It is probable that this last statement is not absolutely and theoretically true, whatever it may be in practice. But it is known that the Maha-chohans do concern themselves with individuals and, occasionally, though rarely, communicate with them. One or two letters were received from the Regent of the West in the early days of the Theosophical Society, and they have sent messages to individuals.

Below the Maha-chohans are the great body of the Masters. We do not know how many there are or how many grades of them there are. There would appear to be no limit to their possible number, but there is a distinct limit to their actual number. There must be ranks or grades among them, for scattered bits of information have filtered down to us indicating this.

We also read of different kinds of Masters. The *Voice of the Silence* speaks of Nirmanakayas who stay in the atmosphere of the earth, as it were, where they are able to deal directly with human affairs, and Dharmakayas, those who pass on to some Nirvanic condition where they are removed from any possible intercourse with man. We hear of those who renounce their own advancement, who actually retain some of the limitations of humanity, in order to continue to work directly with and for mankind; a ceaseless sacrifice of such appalling magnitude that it transcends our imagination. Their state has been likened to what ours would be if we lived and worked perpetually in a noisome muck heap, in a boiler factory full of raucous and discordant noise. One great Master's name is especially associated with this type of sacrifice, than which it is impossible to conceive of anything higher. Reverend hail to Jesus of Nazareth, the living exponent of what is greatest, even among Masters.

Below the Masters are the disciples of countless different grades, but of two great divisions—those who are conscious of who and what they are, who have conscious intercourse with their Master and with other members of the Lodge; and those who strive for that full communion. But this section is about Masters. I shall endeavor to deal with disciples more in detail, later.

Chohan is a Thibetan word meaning master; Maha—Sanscrit for great,—so Maha-chohan means, great master.

The Masters are sometimes called Mahatmas, from Maha-atma, atma meaning, roughly, soul—great souls. The term adept is too loosely used in Theosophical literature to have any special significance. Generally it is used to mean any full member of the Lodge.

Jivanmukti is a Sanscrit word meaning one who has reached the ultimate state of holiness, who has reached the state of Nirvana during

life and is often used to designate the Masters. They are also sometimes called Rishi, a Sanscrit word meaning the inspired one.

We have endeavored to give some idea of their nature and of the place they occupy in the evolutionary stream. What of their powers and functions. First as to their powers. They have conquered death as we know it. That does not mean that they are not subject to the law of cycles. Death is but a period of sleep between two awakenings. The Masters' periods are longer, that is all. They too are subject to the universal law that alternates periods of activity with periods of rest. We must count their periods in thousands of years, however. They are not subjects of time, as we know it, although subject to their own kind of time. Neither are they limited by space, as we know it. Our world is a world of three dimensions. They live in a four dimensional world, and have the powers which necessarily follow, powers which we can understand only in the terms of our own world, and which therefore, can only express phases or aspects of their real capacities. Not being limited by time or space, they can go with the speed of thought instantaneously, from any place to any other place, by a simple act of will. More mysterious still, being in four dimensional space, they can be simultaneously in several different places at once, from the point of view of our space. They can enter closed rooms, see inside of things, including our hearts and minds. They can communicate with each other freely, at any time, no matter where they may happen to be. They can see and hear anything at any part of the earth, or at different parts of the earth at the same time. We can do several things at once. We can eat and read and watch the time, and listen to music simultaneously. A little training enables us to add quite a number of things which we can do at the same time. Having far greater abilities in all directions than we have, and having additional powers of which we know nothing, the Masters can do so many different things at the same time that it appears miraculous to us. They seem omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, and to all intents and purposes they are, so far as we are concerned, but they are not in fact. They have their limits, they get tired; they get overburdened; there are tasks beyond even their exalted strength.

They are the subjects and instruments of Karma; they must work within the limits of the law of cycles; they go with the stream. Man's free will is a perpetual barrier to all their projects and often raises insufferable obstacles to the successful fulfilment of their plans.

Tradition tells us that they meet once a year in formal convention, to receive the instructions of their superiors, and to plan out the work for the coming year. They discuss the state of the world, in all its vast complexities, study the trend of thought and the other activities of the human race; sometimes disagree as to the best course of action, referring the point, in such a case, to the Maha-chohan for decision; and generally assign to each member of the Lodge his task for the immediate future. In order not to get a wrong idea from this, however, it must be remem-

bered that they plan movements that take hundreds, and sometimes thousands of years to mature. They prepare centuries in advance for important departures in human affairs. They guide, direct, control, inspire, encourage, retard all human activities, literature, art, music, science in all its branches, including medicine, philosophy, commerce, war, politics, religion. They concern themselves with races, nations, peoples, governments, societies, and all assembles and associations of peoples; but their great work is done with individuals, for after all it is the individual, the soul, with which they are finally concerned. All these other things are of interest only as they affect the souls of men.

In an effort to describe the essence of their functions, I first thought of using the word *service*. That word certainly is an epitome of their lives and activities; but there is a better, though much misused word, which is even more descriptive, and that is Love.

The Masters are the living exponents of the law of Love, which is the basic law of the Universe. They have been called Masters of Compassion, because they spend themselves, endlessly, ceaselessly, upon mankind, out of compassion for the sufferings of the human race; as they know that all suffering arises from sin, from self-will, from disobedience to the laws of Life, and that the only possible surcease from suffering lies in getting rid of self-will and in making the personal life conform to the divine life. Hence their special interest in the individual. Their activity in other directions, their interest in and guidance of human events and movements, are because of the influence these things have on the individual. Their fundamental concern is with the souls of men. Their interest in outer worldly events is only because of the effect these have upon the souls of men.

They want disciples, for the road to final emancipation is through discipleship, and by no other way whatsoever. Therefore they maintain, always, in the world, a series of agencies which make this appeal to mankind. These agencies vary from time to time, and according to the natures appealed to. The laws of life are interpreted and reinterpreted in an endless variety of ways, so that no single soul shall not be reached by some form of appeal best suited to his needs. They are never discouraged, for they know that in the fullness of time all men will be caught in the net of the Gods, and be drawn home to their eternal Salvation; but their hearts bleed because of man's perversity and self-will, his ignorance and inertia. They do not wish us to be whipped into Heaven by pain and misery, but to travel there joyously and willingly, with heads erect and hearts aflame. They wish us to take Heaven by violence.

Endlessly patient, endlessly compassionate, endlessly wise, they work ceaselessly, in countless different ways, for our salvation. Selfless, impersonal, yet full of personality in the best sense, they are Gods in their divine natures, yet very loving and lovable human beings in their humanity.

This brief sketch would be incomplete if it did not end with an effort to express the unceasing gratitude and recognition which we should bear them for their endless goodness and sacrifice. C. A. G.

REVIEWS

War Letters from the Living Dead Man, written down by Elsa Barker.* The last number of the QUARTERLY contained several reviews or articles about books purporting to describe the after death states; one by the same author having received special notice, because it attracted particular public attention. It is a graceless task for the reviewer, because such books almost always contain much that is positively offensive, often are actually pernicious, and nearly always are objectionable and misleading. This book is no exception. In spite of its interest, for it is interesting, we believe that it will do more harm than good. The good that it may do is obvious; almost anything that will stimulate mankind's waning interest and faith in the unseen, has merit, and it is quite conceivable that such a work, crude and blattantly pretentious as it is, will appeal to certain grades of intelligence, which would pass by without notice serious works of a more reliable character. The harm it cannot fail to do is less obvious. The book is thoroughly materialistic. That may seem a queer word to use in connection with a work which avowedly deals with the states after death, but it the only word which adequately describes the intensely mechanical and lifeless conditions which are portrayed. There is much talk of God and Devils, of Masters and Demons, of Angels and elementals, but there is no single ray of genuine perception about all these things, from beginning to end. There are pages about love, but never a breath of real feeling. It is sterile, barren, dead.

Two theories may account for this, and for the book itself. One, that the work is from the subconscious mind of Mrs. Elsa Barker. The other, that it really is from the kamic shade of Judge Hatch;—from those remnants and dregs of the late Californian which remain earth-bound for a time after the death of the physical body, and after the soul and the higher principles have passed on to other planes of being. We are not inclined even to speculate as to which of these theories is true, for either accounts for the facts. So would a third possibility,—that the book is a deliberate and conscious fake.

Now the facts are that there is not in the whole book a single statement of anything which could be described as new. It is a hodge-podge of badly digested and misunderstood gleanings from theosophical and spiritualistic literature. Sentence after sentence, phrase after phrase, idea after idea, have the echo and often the actual clothes of the better-known theosophical books; there is nothing anywhere that any intelligent person could not write after six months' study of our literature. Even the errors and misleading statements are the errors and inaccuracies of our pseudo-occult literature. The author, whoever he is, did not know enough to discriminate between his authorities.

The real evil of the work, however, is not its strange blending of partial truth and falsehood; that would be bad enough; its real evil is its casual manner of dealing with sacred things, its total lack of real understanding of Masters, or indeed of anything one can only refer to by that much misused word—spiritual. I suppose most Christians would feel shocked if they heard a Fiji Islander telling

* Mitchell Kennerly, New York. $1.25 net.

some of his fellow cannibals what he understood of a missionary's description of Christ. It would be crude, it would be materialistic, it would show a complete inability to understand. Combine that with "X's" calm assumption of wisdom and power, and you will get some idea of how the book grates on this reviewer.

And yet it is interesting, perhaps because it is about the War, and almost anything about the War is interesting, even things that are not so. Judge Hatch is strongly pro-Ally. He says that the outer war in the world is only a reflex of the inner war between the forces of Good and Evil. So far so good. But when he interviews the particular devil that is the real inner self of the German Emperor we marvel at his credulity. When he interviews the Devil himself, and worsts him in verbal argument, we—well, we relieve our feelings by writing this review.

Theosophy, Theosophy, what crimes are committed in thy name!

JOHN BLAKE.

The Meaning of Prayer, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Professor Fosdick has a directness of speech together with a virility and wholesomeness of mind that makes his books very appealing, and clear beyond ordinary attainment. The need for a popular and at the same time sound book on prayer has long been felt. Most of such treatises are Roman Catholic; while the Protestant are too often uninviting and uninteresting. Professor Fosdick's book is un-Roman and is distinctly "alive," to use an expressive slang word. It is arranged for daily reading under weekly chapter headings, with a summary of each week's thoughts. Plentiful illustration from daily life or popular biography aptly applied, is used, often with striking effect. Many lovely bits of verse and choice prayers are quoted, while the Bible selections are unusually well-adapted to elucidate the theme.

The book is primarily addressed to the large class of honest doubters—those of us who at best have "vague groping after a God outside of us which so often ends in the futile feeling of having talked to empty space." It is not much use to discuss with such people the higher attainments in spiritual realms; their usual highest value in life is an appreciation of nobility in man, and for them prayer at the start is only an exercise to strengthen the better and higher sides of their nature. So, "Prayer is the innermost form of the fight for character," says Professor Fosdick in his chapter "Prayer As A Battlefield." This recognition of a limitation in a large element of mankind, and the speaking to their condition, is an essential advantage of this work; but when Professor Fosdick goes on to state "Generally, if not always, it is quite impossible to distinguish between the voice of God and the voice of our own best conscience and ideals. They are not to be distinguished"; we cannot agree. It would seem that here he failed to realize what is fundamentally the indispensable in prayer—God and the Master. The whole of his method and appeal leads us to just this inevitable step of reaching personal and conscious communion with our Master, with God; and then a prejudice against, or lack of understanding of, the true mystic experience raises an unsurpassable barrier beyond which he cannot take us. In an earlier chapter he has said "So men think that God is, but they never have *met him.* They never have come into that personal experience of communion with God which says: *'I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee.'* (Job 42:5)." But in common with so much of modern thought, these seemingly simple and clear statements by men who claimed and demonstrated their power of prayer by the lives they led, are not really believed. Communion with God is felt to be little more than getting a soothing or invigorating force out of space; personality, individual consciousness, are considered the peculiar possession of men, and apparently do not and cannot exist in the spiritual world, or be possessed by its denizens.

With this limitation—for such an attitude certainly restricts prayer to the more elementary stages—Professor Fosdick has made a very real and a very

helpful contribution. The average man who will read at all, will be forced to relinquish certain preconceptions, and to acquire a respect for the pragmatic value of prayer. For those who have already made some attempt to pray, the chapter on "Hindrances and Difficulties" contains much of value and many helpful suggestions. Above all the book is provocative of serious thought and a searching of self. One's own attainment, reflected in the discussion of the text itself, is measured up to the standards of other men, with the inference that if other men could do this, we too should be able and willing. Prayer is made attractive even though hard; lives are seen to be enriched and ennobled wherever prayer is a dominant factor.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The Ritual of the Mystery of the Judgment of the Soul, from an ancient Egyptian papyrus, translated and edited by M. W. Blackden, S.R.I.A., VII°, and published for the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia. The Author has attempted to piece together this ritual of initiation, which he thinks is "for the benefit of the Living, rather than Priestly practices for the benefit of the Dead," from frequently recurrent fragments found in the Ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead." He thinks that it was, "in all probability, the final gateway into that degree of Initiation, where the traditional Esoteric Wisdom of Egypt was taught and its methods practised by the initiate,—thus its great importance." We do not agree with this latter conclusion. Such rites of initiation are not published, nor are they available even in old manuscripts. That this Ritual here translated may be, however, one used in the exoteric schools of the later Egyptian priesthood is quite possible, and therefore of distinct historical interest. The translator labours under the difficulty of having no key with which to interpret the vowel and consonant sounds that stand for names, or, more truly, that are symbols representing qualities and faculties on the inner planes; and so his translations do not seem always very convincing. The lack of unity and general vagueness of the Ritual itself would point either to the absence of understanding on the part of a degenerate priesthood ignorant of the true rites and their meaning, or to incomplete documents.

From the point of view of occult lore the book has little value; for the student of religious history it might contain some hints.

J. B., JR.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—F. W. Faber.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 195.—*"What is the true function of government. Ought the State to provide public schools? If so, what ought to be the relation of such schools to religion?"*

ANSWER.—This question raises one of the points that has been debated by political and social philosophers from time immemorial. There is every shade of opinion from the philosophical anarchist who argues that there should be no government at all, to the socialists who wish to carry government control to an extreme that will cover every department of life. The middle path seems to be Herbert Spencer's view that government should provide each citizen with the fullest degree of liberty to exercise all his faculties which is compatible with an equal liberty to every other citizen. This would mean that government was little more than a sublimated police power.

Who, in the name of Theosophy, is going to be rash enough to try and settle this age-long dispute Indeed, what *is* the truth, and have we any means of discovering it?

Arguing from the analogy of a family, as the human social unit, the duties of the ideal father require that he should have absolute wisdom and therefore absolute power, exact absolute obedience, and direct every conceivable activity of those in his charge. He would give each individual as much liberty to exercise his faculties as was compatible with like liberty to the other members of the family, and so far, would comply with the modern idea of the true function of government, but with this very important addition; he would have a direct, personal duty in the spiritual and moral well-being of each member of his family, and would, therefore, use his power and authority to direct, control and curtail their activities wherever they would harm themselves as well as wherever they would harm others.

The family developed into the tribe, and the tribe into the Nation, but the form of government did not change. The early rulers combined the functions of King, Judge, Priest and General in their own persons. It was often difficult to determine which of these functions was the most important. It varied according to circumstances. In the course of time, as populations increased and the duties of the ruler became greater and more complicated, he had to delegate part of his function to others. Probably the first power to be delegated was military, for old age and physical disability would often prevent the ruler from exercising this function. In time the duties of all four functions of government had to be assigned to others and viceroys, governors, judges, priests, teachers and generals were developed. The theoretical source of authority and power was still the Sovereign and indeed has remained so to the present day, whether the Sovereign is a King, or is what, in modern phraseology, is called the "Sovereign people." Practically all Kings are still titular commanders-in-chief of armies and navies. Many Kings are still the titular heads of the national religion, such as the Tzar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey. Some Kings are still the ultimate source of the legal and juridical power, though this branch of government has become so highly special-

ized and technical as to compel a division of function that amounts to a real and complete separation.

It is, however, in religion that we see the greatest change. Modern states, under the influence of atheism, materialism, and ignorance, have sometimes insisted upon a complete divorce between the State and religion. The results, always lamentable in the long run, are nowhere more apparent than in education.

Education is, of course, a function of religion, which in turn should be one of the chief concerns of the State. The unhappy result, in modern times, of a State controlled system of unreligious education, is so far from satisfactory, that educators all over the world—save in the Catholic Church—are searching frantically for a solution in every direction but the right one.

With things as they are, granting the impossibility, in any reasonable time, of correcting the fundamental mistake, the nearest approach to a satisfactory compromise would be to abandon most of the public school system and allow each religion to maintain schools which should be granted State aid, and which, necessarily, should be under State control as to common standards and final examinations.

A specific reply to the first question is much more difficult, but if one were to attempt to state the general laws, they would be something like the following:

(a) A government should have power to exercise such control as is required for the best interest of those governed.

(b) The amount and character of this control depends entirely upon the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual condition of those governed.

(c) It is obvious that no one needing control is capable of determining what the nature and amount of such control should be.

(d) Consequently we are thrown back upon authority imposed from without. As no existing body of men would be willing for any length of time, to accept the self-constituted authority of other men, or another man, we are driven back to the inner world as the only acceptable source of ultimate authority.

(e) In the days of old, the Lodge spoke to men and told them through its agents, the prophets, what government they should have. Sometimes they accepted this dictum and sometimes they did not. They were always sorry when they did not. Now-a-days there is not any generally accepted means whereby the denizens of the spiritual world give their advice to man. Therefore, the general consensus of opinion and instinct would appear to be the only source of authority that would be acceptable.

(f) As the selfishness and moral perversity of man make his opinions and instincts very unreliable guides, we reach an impasse from which there is only one way open, and that is to suffer the consequences of wrong forms of government, until mankind is raised morally and spiritually to a point where the inner world can again reveal its will to man in some manner that will be accepted as authoritative.

(g) Like every other human problem, therefore, this whole question of government comes down to the simple question of character; to our relations to the spiritual world; and it cannot be solved by any short cut, or special man-made form of government.

It is highly probable that the Lodge, in its wisdom, would decree very different forms of government for different kinds of people, at different periods in their national career. It would be a bold man who would be willing to state that any of the recognized forms of government is the ideal one. The most we could safely do would be to say that, by analogy the system in use in the Lodge itself must be the ideal one. So far as we know that is a combination of all three types, that is, it is at once, an absolute monarchy, an enlightened aristocracy and a perfect commonwealth or democracy.

The world has never seen such a compound. The English government comes nearest to it, for it at least contains an element of each type; but, in essence it is

democratic; the aristocratic element, the House of Lords, having little real power, while the monarchial element is conspicuous by its impotence. The political genius of the future will be the man who can devise a well-balanced and workable combination of these three elements. Perhaps the very fact that the world needs such a form of government, means that the time is ripe for its discovery and use.

X. Y. Z.

ANSWER.—The most philosophical of English statesmen, Edmund Burke, writes: "Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." The true function of government would thus seem to be to prepare men for freedom by giving them moral discipline. The formation of character would be its chief aim. It is only in recent times that character has been narrowly limited to the mind. The great contemporary emphasis upon mental education neglects other more important parts of man's make-up, and, in the effort to develop one part of man's being, does so disproportionately and, in consequence, distorts his whole being. A man's true education is that which makes for moral development. Do not our schools, as they now exist, often thwart rather than foster moral development?

S. M.

ANSWER.—Perhaps to one starting on the Path it might be regarded as a means by which all men may give the other man his chance—to protect him in doing his duty. It would certainly not be "the true function of Government" to exist for any "me" but always for some "you." In other words Governments ought not, it would seem, to ape the Prussian ideal of a force-moulded citizen but the Christian ideal of a self-sacrificing, self-developed citizen. As to schools—would not the answer be "Never, if it pauperizes"? The free schools of America's pioneer days represented self-sacrifice by parents. So did, and do, religious schools. Does not the modern public school mean that you and I are pauperizing ourselves and our children by educating them at the expense of others, and not by self-sacrifice? What are you educating your child for? If for character development, is not religion the vital food he needs? Educating a child without religion seems to me reproducing the schooling of a trained pig. "Toby" is an interesting vaudeville performer but hardly an ideal citizen. If an individual opinion be desired I should say that it would be infinitely better for nation and people to have no public schools whatsoever than to have the modern, materialistic, irreligious school, with its development of self-will, its training in self-assertion and its exposition of "rights" instead of "duties." In other words I would prefer to have my sons unable to read, but ready to follow the Master, than to have two little trained pigs—however "cute and cunning"—and well-fed!

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The true function of government would be on the one hand the complete and conscious expression of God's will on earth, and co-operation with that will; and on the other, the discipline and education of the people to obey, love, and in their turn co-operate with God's will. If this be true, the State should provide public schools, which in the nature of things should teach religion. These schools would have to represent all types of religious practice, would have to meet the many and various demands of differing minds and characters; but being founded on God's will, there would be a fundamental unity of purpose and essentially similar methods, however various the outer means used to accomplish the ultimate end. From the view-point of the Higher Self, education without religion is more of a detriment than a help.

J. B., JR.

QUESTION 196.—*Have read the* QUARTERLY *with more interest than other Theosophical publications, and should like to have following questions answered. Precisely and authoritatively.*

1. *In article entitled "The Holy Spirit," reference is made to some definite "initiation" ceremony through which Paul went at Cenchrea. Hinted in Acts* 18, *Bible. Was that what Theosophical authors, etc., consider made him an "initiate," in sense he is often called "initiate" or "Christian initiate"?*

2. *Into what system of esoteric revelation or body of disciples, or "initiates," was he there "initiated," specifically?*

3. *When he is called "initiate" by Theosophical authors, etc., is it meant that he was member of some esoteric society, such as one of various Greek sects or orders, Chaldean groups of philosophers, etc., outside of Christianity; or what sort of "initiate" was he?*

4. *In article under head of "Notes" referring elaborately to contest between "White Lodge" and "Black Lodge" in human affairs and particularly by suggestion to European war, evil is represented as being caused by "devils" or "Black Lodge," much in same way as taught by orthodox Christianity. Is not that representation outside of and contrary to Theosophical teachings as generally accepted?*

5. *Does not Theosophy teach that "evil" is simply workings of one of three Logic outpourings* (2*nd, if am not mistaken*), *resulting in animalistic tendencies, passions, etc.; in other words, that "evil" is phenomena depending on "Logos," or God, and not on any "devil" or antagonist of God?* (*Consult article on Theosophy in Americana Encyclopedia, latest edition.*)

ANSWER.—In response to your inquiries:—

1. No one can answer questions about Theosophy, or the Theosophical attitude, "precisely and authoritatively." Theosophy means "Divine Wisdom," and whoever is presumptuous enough to answer in such a name thereby proves himself unfit and unworthy to be listened to. All any one should do is to say "Thus have I heard," "This is my opinion," "This is what I think at present."

2. A person is an "initiate" because he *is* something, not because he has *done* something, or because he has passed through some ceremony. He could not have passed through any real ceremony until after he was the thing the ceremony represented. We cannot safely attach any definite connotation to the words "initiate" or "initiation." At the most they mean that the subject has reached a certain degree of spiritual enlightenment, but we should have to be familiar with the different degrees of spiritual enlightenment in order to understand what that fact represented.

3. There is only one spiritual life, but there are countless roads to it; and innumerable organizations, formal and informal, have attempted during the period of history to embody and represent some portion of the truths of the spiritual life. Whether or not Paul was a member of one or more such organizations that existed in his time, I do not know. He may have made a point of joining all of them, for such good as he could get out of them, or could do to them; or he may have taken the other road and refused to have anything to do with any of them. It makes no difference. In any case he obeyed his Master. That we do know. He had the real thing, actual personal knowledge of and experience in the spiritual life, so he *was* what these organizations talk about.

3. Answered by what is said above.

4. As I understand it, evil is caused by the free will of man and comes about by disobedience to Divine law. In the course of time a body of evil is created by this accumulating disobedience. It is possible to place one's self on the side of this accumulated evil and work with and for it. Such a person is a "devil," or a "black

magician" or anything you like; those are only words or names. He can grow in knowledge and power, for a long time; and can reach great heights of wickedness. Fundamentally there is no difference between the Christian and the Theosophical view of evil. In so far as they approximate the truth they must approximate each other.

5. Everything in the manifested universe emanates from the Logos, but it does not seem to me correct to say that evil is an outpouring of the Logos. I am not familiar with the article on Theosophy in the *Americana Encyclopedia.* If it is as inadequate and misleading as similar articles in the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* and other reference books, I should not rely upon it.

After all, one goes to an encyclopedia to get a short statement of facts regarding which one is ignorant or which one has forgotten. Theosophy has to do with life itself; it is a way of living. Your questions also have to do with life, with Paul's life and with that portion of it which transcended the life experience of the average man. How may we hope to find such answers in an encyclopedia? The answers are to be found, however, and found completely where Paul found them, in living the life. J. B.

QUESTION 197.—*Is faith acquired or is it a gift granted only to certain people or is it latent in every one?*

ANSWER.—Faith was defined by St. Paul. Like every other faculty, it is a gift from the gods. To be more accurate, it is a gift from the Master on whose Ray we depend. It is part of our humanity. On the other hand, it is "acquired" in so far as failure to use, to exercise any faculty—whether physical, mental or spiritual—results in loss of function. Therefore we should cultivate the faith that is in us. E. T. H.

QUESTION 198.—*How can one best avoid reactions? Is it well to try to avoid over-much fervor when experience shows that a correspondingly great reaction inevitably follows?*

ANSWER.—No; do not try to avoid over-much fervor. Try to improve the quality of your fervor. Reactions are due to the imperfections in our fervor—to the alloy of self which we mix with the gold—not to the fervor itself. We are inclined to accept a feeling of fervor as necessarily good. This is a mistake. We should learn to recognize "human vapors" as distinguished from spiritual graces. We should ask the Master (the Great Soul whom we may believe to be our own Master) to take *all* feelings and emotions as they arise within us, and to make them pure within himself. "Take this mood into Thy heart, and purify it," should be our constant prayer.

It may further be said that the only way to conserve fervor and to avoid reactions is to see to it that our aspiration is followed invariably by some particular resolution, and that this particular resolution is specifically obeyed. (It should be a resolution concerning our conduct that very day, in a particular place, at a particular time or times.) The higher meaning of the saying, "We should lead our own reactions," is that we should dominate the "back kick" and turn the force of it into a channel of our own choice—which ought to be the particular resolution representing, on this plane, the fruit of our meditation.

E. T. H.

QUESTION 199.—*"Look within for light." What is its real meaning and what is the best, the most practical way for an interested beginner to do it?*

ANSWER.—Most people confuse "inward light" with inclination. Because they wish to do a certain thing they persuade themselves their own wish is the will of

God. One would do well to assume, in the beginning, that one's own wish is in opposition to God's will, probably. The only inward light that the beginner can have is that which he has assimilated, in other words the duties he has done. Let him consult an adviser or friend (his wife, mother or some member of his family) about how he is performing his duties. The counsel given in response to his question will be his next light. When he has worked that into the fibre of his being he can again examine his performances and from the light so derived make further questionings.

S. M.

ANSWER.—The universe is a going machine. There is some impelling, driving force. We share it. We manifest it. So does every stick and stone. So does all organic life—animal and vegetable alike. But man does have something differentiating him from all the rest of the universe of which he is part. This is not merely the ability to laugh—a power no animal shares, a power perhaps expressing the quality of detachment—it is the power to choose; it is the recognition of the difference between right and wrong. This is the quality that is Godlike, Godgiven. Use it. There is no situation in life where, if one be honest with one's self, we may not find this recognition. Use it. If it prove befogged with doubts and "scruples" —"the devil using the subtleties of the mind" so that one may not see the light but only be conscious of its diffusion—why not seek a pilot? There must be some experienced person, free from similar devilish subtleties, to whom you may turn.

S.

ANSWER.—The Master Christ called Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He also said "I am the light of the world" (*Jn.* viii, 12). *Light on the Path* tells us to "seek the way by retreating within," and again, paradoxically, to "seek the way by advancing boldly without"—by "devotion, by religious contemplation, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labor, by studious observation of life." Then it says "Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." Is there not a connection of thought here, valuable as an answer to the question? The Master is the light; but we too are destined to be the Sons of the Father, "called to be saints," inheritors of the kingdom of light, temples of the indwelling Spirit which brings us to consciousness in the spiritual world. The first practical step would seem to be the acquiring by reading and meditation of a belief in this reality of the Master's life in us, His Spirit as light-giver in our hearts. Then we must carry this belief into daily life, extracting from experience—"by studious observation of life, by religious contemplation, by self-sacrificing labor"—the only proof absolute and final life itself has to give,—that this light in ourselves is really light and not darkness. In other words, we must take the highest light—the firmest beliefs, the surest knowledge—that we have, and *live it out.* By this we learn, by this we test our light, by this alone do we acquire confidence in the premonitions of mind, of heart, of conscience, of the Spirit of the Master Himself in us. Religion, Theosophy, is not theory, it is a life. Light will come from the living: by no other way does it come. An "interested beginner" must become an "actively interested beginner" before he can enter practically within and get the Light unclouded and undistorted by mental prejudice, preconception, and the fallibility of inexperience.

N. B.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION.

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York City, on Saturday, April 29th, 1916, beginning at 10.30 A. M.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 165 West Twelfth Street, New York City, or to any officer or member of the Society resident in New York or who is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Notice is hereby given that two alternative Amendments to the Constitution will be proposed for the consideration of the Convention, as follows:

Amendment A, to be proposed on behalf of Mr. Paul Raatz and seventeen members of the Berlin Branch:

> "A copy of all resolutions, not of a formal character, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee six months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee."

The intent of this Amendment is stated to be "that members may be informed of resolutions to be acted on at the Conventions of the Society."

Amendment B, to be proposed by Messrs. Charles Johnston, E. T. Hargrove, and H. B. Mitchell, as a substitute for Amendment A.

> "A copy of all resolutions, affecting the policy, principles, or platform of The Theosophical Society, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the

Executive Committee three months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee."

The intent of this Amendment is stated to be the same as that of *Amendment A,* but to render the language thereof more precise and to make the length of the required notice conform to that specified in Article IX of the Constitution as sufficient for the amendment of the Constitution itself.

ADA GREGG,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

February 28th, 1916.

THEOSOPHICAL MEETINGS

Meetings of the Branches of The Theosophical Society, at which there is discussion of Theosophy, and to which visitors are invited, are held as follows:—

Cincinnati—Room 513, Odd Fellows Temple, Seventh and Elm Streets; Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Denver—1045 Clayton Street, first and third Sundays in each month,* at 4 P. M.

Detroit—144 Palmer Avenue, West; every other Sunday evening, at 7.30 P. M.

Los Angeles—205 Columbia Trust Building; Sunday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Middletown, Ohio—906 George Street; second and fourth Wednesdays, at 8 P. M.

New York—21 Macdougal Alley (between Eighth Street and North Washington Square, turning out of Macdougal Street); alternate Saturday evenings* (April 8th, 22d; May 6th, 20th; June 3d), at 8.30 P. M.

Oakland—1085 Bella Vista Avenue; Sunday afternoons, at 1.30 P. M.

Providence—*Providence Branch:* at 11 Snow Street; Sundays, at 4 P. M.

Providence—*Hope Branch:* Room 112, 44 Franklin Street; second and fourth Sundays, at 8 P. M.

Syracuse—14 Lyndon Flats, James Street; Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Washington—Walton Apartment, S. E.; Thursday evenings, semi-monthly.

Branches desiring to have their public meetings regularly included in the above list are requested to send the necessary information to the EDITOR.

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* Except during the summer months.

CORRESPONDENCE

Arvika, Sweden, the 4. 12. 15.

To the editor of QUARTERLY, Brooklyn:

It seems me that the articles under the title "On the Screen of Time" in the last QUARTERLY are quite impossible for me to understand from theosophical point of view.

I suppose that the outlines of the whole are surely drawed very different from the views of the West than from that of the North. How it appears from the East I am very anxious to hear, yet I believe that the judgment from that place neither is coming *too* early nor passionate as a complete condemning of only one part.

Yours truly,

G. A. FJAESTAD.

I beg you kindly to publish this in the next QUARTERLY.

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